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Importance of Good Seed.

RESULTS OF AN INVOLUNTARY TEST MADE BY A MAINE FARMER.

Somehow it seems as though we were hardly awake to the importance of good seed, with all the lessons of seed time and harvest present in our minds. I am reminded of this by a letter just received giving a bit of personal experience in 1911.

This man planted three acres of one variety of potatoes—Gold Coin—but got his supply from two large seed houses and a well known firm making a specialty of growing seed potatoes. The three acres were ploughed, prepared, fertilized and cared for in the same manner, the only difference being the three lots of seed. The result is significant. From the seed purchased from one seed house the yield was 100 bushels per acre, from the second 150 bushels, and from those bought of the seed grower 275 bushels. Now this seed was all purchased for Maine grown, and if that was true then the conditions otherwise possible or plausible will hardly hold. The fact is the significant part of the story. Two acres were grown at little or no profit, while the third made good returns to the grower. The obvious lesson is to buy seed only from most reliable growers, to learn more of methods of growing, character of crop and purity of seed before placing an order. To be sure, there are difficulties in the way of getting this information, but not one is insurmountable. No man can afford to rest content with a yield less than 250 bushels, unless it is a very early harvested crop. Seedsmen exercise more or less care in buying, but too often insist only on purity, whereas so many factors enter in that the grower must have more definite information. The best way to get protection is for the individual grower to watch out for his own best interests and place his orders where he is sure of getting pure and selected seed, healthy seed, virile seed.

This lesson holds as tenaciously with corn. As an illustration: I planted 440 kernels per row from five selected ears, grown under the most careful treatment. One row gave me 430 stalks and 420 ears, the stalks being uniformly stout, strong, vigorous and carrying an abundance of leaves. Neither of the other rows gave over 350 stalks, and each was more or less uneven in size.—Dr. G. M. Twitchell, in Tribune Farmer.

Summer Feeding of Poultry.

Summer feeding of poultry is a rather simple process on the average farm, especially where the farmer does not attempt to breed fancy stock, in which case it is necessary to pen up the breeders for a portion of the time, which will somewhat complicate the feeding. Where the flock runs at large, as is the case in general on most farms, little feeding is necessary for the old stock. They will pick up the larger portion of their food and the kind of food and in proper proportions to keep them in a healthy, vigorous condition for layers and breeders. Except on stormy days it is best to feed only at night, when a good feed will materially assist in keeping up a regular and abundant egg supply. On stormy days, when it is impossible for the fowls to get out and search for their food, it will be found advantageous to feed at least two full meals. This will insure a regular supply of eggs, which cannot be relied upon unless the fowls have a regular supply of feed.

Among the grains most suitable for summer feeding are oats, wheat, barley, buckwheat, kaffir corn, with corn fed sparingly. Too many poultry keepers make the mistake of feeding too much corn during the summer. Corn is a great fat producing food, and will often result in many of the older fowls becoming overfat. Especially is this true with the medium to heavy breeds. Chickens like corn better than almost anything else, and they need a certain portion of it, not only in supplying a variety, but because of its being well suited to their needs. But it is too heating and too fattening for a regular summer ration. I make it a practice to give my fowls one feeding a day of corn and this a light one and generly mostly cracked corn.

Do not stuff the fowls at any time. It is best to keep them a little hungry, so they will forage well for the larger part of their food. A system of hopper feeding can be adopted if desirable in which case the hoppers should be placed under shelter and be so constructed that they can be closed a portion of the day if experience indicates this to be best. Some fowls will not forage much if they can get all they want to eat without, and for this reason it may be found advisable to close the hoppers a portion of the day. It would be best to do this during the morning hours, but whenever it is done there should be a regular time, as regularity has much to do with getting good results from poultry. A good ration for hopper feeding for summer feed is equal parts of ground corn and oats and wheat bran. Animal food and green feed they get on the range. A box of grit and oyster shells should be kept where the fowls may have free and easy access to it.

The drinking water is another very important matter to be considered. Proper drinking fountains should be supplied, such as can be readily cleaned often, and where they are not only of easy access to the fowls, but within easy reach of the busy farmer. Farmers are generally very busy during the summer months, and anything that will save time and still produce good results is to their advantage. It is, therefore, quite important that the drinking vessels be of the proper kind, that can be easily cleaned and placed where they can be readily refilled. A regular supply of pure water, as cool as possible, should be given the fowls during the hot weather months. They will consume large quantities, and unless they have plenty of it they not only suffer but fall short in the egg yield. When the fact that the egg is largely composed of water is taken into consideration the cause is readily seen. Do not neglect the drinking vessels, and above all, do not compel the fowls to drink from stagnant pools of water about the barnyard. The water thus consumed goes into the egg, and although nature has wisely provided for the elimination from the egg of much of the unsavory elements consumed by the hen, she cannot produce the best flavored eggs from such liquid. Neither does it make healthy meat of the best flavor. A little care in looking after the water supply will produce the right kind of eggs.

The Missouri Experiment Station found in a steer feeding experiment where corn silage was compared with hay, $1.07 for every 100 pounds of beef was saved by the use of silage. The Indiana Experiment Station found the silo the most economic means of producing both beef and mutton in three well conducted experiments. They also found corn ensilage to be worth from $5.50 to $6.50 per ton when fed to fattening steers and sheep. This in the light of the fact that corn ensilage will not cost the farmer more than $2 a ton, should be convincing argument.

There is an old adage that if every feeder would keep it in mind and act on it, not only with his sheep, but with all his live stock, he would do much better than the average feeder; and that adage is simply this: "An animal well summered is half wintered, and an animal well wintered is half summered," which means that the year through you should keep your animals in nice, smooth, plump condition.

FRECKLES

By

Gene Stratton-Porter

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRD WOMAN.

FRECKLES was amazed to hear himself excusing. "It was so hot in there. You couldn't be expected to bear it for hours and not be moving. I can take you back around the trail almost to where you were. Then you can get up in the carriage, and I will go find the Bird Woman."

"You'll get killed if you do! When she stays this long, it means that she has a focus on something. You see, when she gets a focus, and lies in the weeds and water for hours, and the sun bakes her, and things crawl over her, and then some one comes along and scares her bird away just as she has it coaxed up—why, she kills them. If I melt, you won't go after her. She's probably blistered and half eaten up, but she will never quit until she is satisfied."

"Then it will be safer to be taking care of you," suggested Freckles.

"Now you're talking sense!" said the angel.

"May I try to help your arm?" he asked.

"Have you any idea how it hurts?" she parried.

"A little," said Freckles.

"Well, Mr. McLean said we'd probably find his son here"—

"His son!" cried Freckles.

"That's what he said. And that you would do anything you could for us, and that we could trust you with our lives. But I would have trusted you anyway, if I hadn't known a thing about you. Say, your father is rampaging proud of you, isn't he?"

"I don't know," answered the dazed Freckles.

"He's so proud of you he is all swelled up like the toad in Aesop's fables. If you have ever had an arm hurt like this and can do anything, why, for pity sake do it!"

She turned back her sleeve, holding out to Freckles an arm of palest cameo.

Freckles unlocked his case and bandaged the ugly, ragged wound. He worked with trembling fingers and a face tense with earnestness.

"Is it feeling any better?" he asked.

"Oh, it's well now!" cried the angel. "It doesn't hurt at all any more."

The velvety touch of her warm arm was tingling in Freckles' finger tips. Dainty laces and fine white stuffs peeped through her torn dress. There were beautiful rings on her fingers. Every article about her was of the finest material and in excellent taste. There was the trembling Limberlost guard in his coarse clothing, with his cotton rags and his old pail of swamp water. Freckles was sufficiently accustomed to contrasts to notice them and sufficiently fine to be hurt by them always.

He lifted his eyes to hers with a shadowy pain in them and found them of serene, unconscious purity.

"We must go and find the carriage," said the angel, rising.

Freckles led the way, sharply watching every step. He went as near the log as he felt that he dared and with a little searching found the carriage.

"This is a shame!" said Freckles. "You'll never be coming here again."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" said the angel. "The Bird Woman says that these birds stay over a month in the nest and she would like to make a picture every few days for seven or eight weeks perhaps."

Freckles barely escaped crying out for joy.

"Then don't you ever be torturing yourself and your horse to be coming in here again," he said. "I'll show you a way to drive almost to the nest on the east trail, and then you can come around to my room and stay while the Bird Woman works. It's nearly always cool there, and there's comfortable seats and water."

"Oh! Did you have drinking water there?" she cried. "I was never so thirsty or so hungry in my life, but I thought I wouldn't mention it."

"And I had not the wit to be seeing!" wailed Freckles. "I can be getting you a good drink in no time."

He turned to the trail.

"Please wait a minute," called the angel. "What's your name? I want to think about you while you are gone."

Freckles smiled quizzically.

"Freckles?" she guessed, with a peal of laughter. "And mine is"—

"I'm knowing yours," interrupted Freckles.

"I don't believe you do. What is it?" asked the girl.

"You won't be getting angry?"

"Not until I've had the water at least."

It was Freckles' turn to laugh. He whipped off his big, floppy straw hat, stood uncovered before her and said in the sweetest of all the sweet tones of his voice, "There's nothing you could be but the Swamp Angel."

The girl laughed happily.

Once out of her sight Freckles ran every step of the way to the cabin. Mrs. Duncan gave him a small bucket of water, cool from the well. He carried it in the crook of his right arm and a basket filled with bread and butter, cold meat, apple pie and pickles in his left hand.

"Pickles are kind o' cooling," said Mrs. Duncan.

The angel was on her knees reaching for the bucket as he came up.

"Be drinking slow," he cautioned her.

Freckles stood blinking in the dazzling glory of her smile.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "I think I had best be naming you 'the angel'—my guardian angel."

"Yis," said Freckles. "I look the character every day, but today most emphatic!"

"Angels don't go by looks," laughed the girl. "Your father told us you had been scrapping. But he told us why. I'd gladly wear all your cuts and bruises if I could do anything that would make my father look as peacocky as yours did. He strutted about proper. I never saw any one look prouder."

"Did he say he was proud of me?" marveled Freckles.

"He didn't need to," answered the angel. "He was radiating pride from every pore."

The angel spread the lunch on the carriage seat. The daintiest parts she could select she carefully put back into the basket. The rest she ate. As he watched her with famished eyes Freckles told her of his birds, flowers and books.

Suddenly the angel cried, "There comes the Bird Woman!"

She was staggering under a load of cameras and paraphernalia. Freckles took all he could carry and helped her into the carriage.

Soon they were out of the swamp. Then he showed them how to reach the chicken tree from the outside, indicated a cooler place for the horse and told them how the next time they came the angel could find his room while she waited.

"Were you forgetting Little Chicken's picture?" Freckles asked the Bird Woman.

"Why do you call the baby vulture 'Little Chicken?'" she asked.

"'Twas Duncan began it," said Freckles. "You see, through the fierce cold of winter the birds of the swamp were almost starving. It is mighty lonely here, and they were all the company I was having. I got to carrying scraps and grain down to them. Duncan was that generous he was giving me of his wheat and corn from his chickens' feed, and he called the birds me swamp chickens. Then when these big black fellows came, Mr. McLean said they were our nearest kind to some in the old world that they called 'Pharoah's Chickens,' and he called mine 'Freckles' Chickens.'"

"Good enough!" cried the Bird Woman. "You must shoot something for them occasionally, and I'll bring more food when I come. If you will help me keep them until I get my series, I'll give you a copy of each study I make, mounted in a book."

"I'll be doing me very best," promised the boy, and from the deeps he meant it.

"I wonder if that other egg is going to hatch?" mused the Bird Woman. "I am afraid not. It should have been out today. Isn't it a beauty? I never saw either an egg or the young before. They are rare this far north."

"So Mr. McLean said," answered Freckles.

The Bird Woman gave him her hand at parting, and Freckles joyfully realized that here was going to be another person for him to love. Freckles couldn't remember, after they had driven away, that they had even noticed his missing hand, and for the first time in his life he had forgotten it.

When the Bird Woman and the angel were well on the home road the angel told of the little corner of paradise into which she had strayed and of her new name.

"Did you know Mr. McLean had a son?" asked the angel. "Isn't the little accent he has and the way he twists a sentence too dear? And isn't it too old fashioned and funny to hear him call his father mister?"

"It sounds too good to be true," said the Bird Woman, answering the last question first. "I am so tired with these present day young men that patronizingly call their fathers 'dad,' 'governor,' 'old man' and 'old chap' that the boy's attitude of respect and deference struck me as being as fine as silk. There must be something rare about that young man."

But she did not find it necessary to tell the angel that for several years she had known the man who so proudly proclaimed himself Freckles' father to be a bachelor and a Scotchman. The Bird Woman had a fine way of attending strictly to her own business.

Freckles turned back to the trail, but stopped at every wild brier and looked at the pink satin of the petals. She was not of his world, and better than any other he knew it; but she might be his angel, and he was dreaming of naught but blind, silent worship. He finished the happiest day of his life, and that night he went back to the swamp as if drawn by a magnet. That Wessner would try for his revenge he knew. That he would be abetted by Black Jack was almost certain, but fear had fled the happy heart of Freckles. He had kept his trust. He had won the respect of the boss. Nobody could ever wipe from his heart the flood of holy adoration that had welled up with the coming of his angel.

At the edge of the clearing he came out into the bright moonlight, and there sat McLean on his mare. Freckles hurried up to him.

"Is there trouble?" he asked anxiously.

"That's what I wanted to ask you," said the boss. "I stopped at the cabin to see you a minute before I turned in, and they said you had come down here. You must not do it, Freckles."

Freckles stood combing his fingers through Nellie's mane, and the dainty creature was twisting her head around to his caresses. He pushed back his hat and looked up into McLean's face. "It's come to the 'sleep with one eye open,' sir. I'm not looking for anything to be happening for a week or two, but it's bound to come, and soon. If I'm to keep me trust as I've promised you and meself, I've to live here mostly until the gang comes. You must be knowing that, sir."

"I'm afraid it's true, Freckles," said McLean. "And I've decided to double the guard until we get here. It will only be a few weeks now, and I'm so anxious for you that you must not be left alone further. If anything should happen to you, Freckles, it would spoil one of the very dearest plans of my life."

Freckles heard with dismay the proposition to place a second guard.

"Oh! no, no, Mr. McLean," he cried "Not for the world! I wouldn't be having a stranger around, scaring me birds and tramping up me study and disturbing all me ways for any money! I am all the guard you need! I will be faithful! I will turn over the lease with no tree missing—on me life, I will! Oh, don't be sending another man to set them saying I turned coward and asked for help. It will just kill the honor of me heart if you do it. The only thing I want is another gun."

McLean handed a shining big revolver down to Freckles, who slipped it beside the one already in his belt.

"Freckles," he said at last, "we never know the timber of a man's soul until something cuts into him deeply and brings the grain out strong. You've the making of a mighty fine piece of furniture, my boy, and you shall have your own way these few weeks yet. Then if you will go I am going to take you to the city and educate you, and you are to be my son, my lad—my own son!"

Freckles twisted his fingers in Nellie's mane to steady himself.

"But why should you be doing that, sir?" he faltered.

McLean slid his arm down about the boy's shoulders and gathered him close to him.

"Because I love you, Freckles," he said simply.

McLean tightened his clasp a second longer, then he rode away down the trail.

Freckles lifted his hat and faced the sky. The harvest moon looked down, sheeting the swamp in silver glory. The Limberlost sang her night song. The swale softly rustled in the wind. Winged things of night brushed his face, and still Freckles gazed upward, trying to fathom these things which had come to him. To one above the sky he must make acknowledgment for these miracles. His lips moved and he began softly:

"Thank you for each separate good thing that has come to me," he said, "and, above all, for the falling of the feather, for if it didn't really fall from an angel its falling brought an angel, and if it's in the great heart of you to exercise yourself any further about me, oh, do please to be taking good care of her!"

CHAPTER IX.

A FIGHT WITH BULLETS.

WHEN Freckles crossed Sleepy Snake creek and the goldfinch, waiting as ever, challenged, "See me?" he saw the dainty, swaying grace of the angel instead. What is a man to do with an angel who dismembers herself and scatters over a whole swamp, thrusting a vivid reminder upon him at every turn?

"You needn't be thinking," he said to the goldfinch, "that because I'm coming down this line alone day after day it's always to be so. Some of these days you'll be swinging on this wire, and you'll see me coming, and you'll swing, skip and flirt yourself around and chip up right spunky, 'See me?' I'll be saying 'See you? See her!' You'll look, and there she'll stand. The sunshine won't look gold any more, nor the roses pink, nor the sky blue, because she'll be the pinkest, bluest, goldest thing of all. You'll be yelling yourself hoarse with the jealousy of her. The saw bird will stretch his neck out of joint, and she'll turn the heads of all the flowers. Wherever she goes I can go back afterward and see the things she's seen, walk the path she's walked, hear the grasses whispering over all the things she's said, and if there's a place too swampy for her bits of feet, maybe—maybe she'd be putting the beautiful arms of her about me neck and letting me carry her over!"

Freckles shivered as with a chill. He sent the cudgel whirling skyward, dextrously caught it and set it spinning.

"Maybe she'll be wanting the cup me blue and brown chickens raised their babies in. If there's any feathers falling that day, why, it's from the wings of me chickens—it's sure to be, for the only angel outside the gates will be walking this timberline, and every step of the way I'll be holding me breath and praying that she don't unfold wings and sail off before the hungry eyes of me."

When the week was up Freckles had his room crisp and glowing with fresh living things that rivaled every tint of the rainbow. He carried bark and filled up all the muckiest places of the trail.

It was middle July. The heat of the last few days had dried up the water about and through the Limberlost, so that it was possible to cross it on foot in almost any direction if one had any idea of direction and did not become completely lost in its rank tangle of vegetation and bushes.

The heat was doing one other thing that was bound to make Freckles, as a good Irishman, shiver. As the swale dried its inhabitants were seeking the cooler depths of the swamp. They liked neither the heat nor leaving the field mice, moles and young rabbits of their chosen location. He saw them crossing the trail every day as the heat grew intense. The rattlers were sadly forgetting their manners, for they struck on no provocation whatever and didn't even remember to rattle afterward. Daily Freckles was compelled to drive big blacksnakes and blue racers from the nests of his chickens. Often the terrified squalls of the parent birds would reach him far down the line, and he would run to the rescue of the babies.

He saw the angel when the carriage turned from the corduroy into the clearing. They stopped at the west entrance to the swamp, waiting for him to precede them down the trail, as he had told them it was safest for the horse that he should do so. They followed the east line to a point opposite the big chickens' tree, and Freckles carried in the cameras and showed the Bird Woman a path he had cleared to the log.

They arranged that Freckles should drive the carriage into the east entrance in the shade and then take the horse around toward the north to a better place he knew. Then he was to entertain the angel at his study or on the line until the Bird Woman finished her work and came to them.

Freckles trod on air, for his dream had come true so soon. He was going down the timberline and the angel was following him. He asked to be excused for going first, because he wanted to be sure the trail was safe for her She laughed at his fears, telling him that it was the polite thing for him to do anyway.

"Oh," said Freckles, "so you was after knowing that? Well, I didn't s'pose you did, and I was afraid you'd think me wanting in respect to be preceding you!"

The astonished angel looked at him, caught the irrepressible gleam of Irish fun in his eyes, and they laughed together.

Freckles did not realize how he was talking that morning. He showed her many of the beautiful nests and eggs of the line. She could identify a number of them, but of some she was ignorant, so they made notes of the number and color of the eggs, material and construction of nest, color, size and shape of the birds and went on to look them up in the book.

At his room, when Freckles had lifted the overhanging bushes and stepped back for her to enter, his heart was all out of time and place. The angel drew a deep breath and stood staring, first at one side, then at another, then far off down the cathedral aisle. "It's just fairyland!" she cried ecstatically. Then she turned and stared at Freckles exactly as she had at his handiwork.

"What are you planning to be?" she asked slowly.

"Whatever Mr. McLean wants me to," he replied.

"What do you do most?" she asked.

"Watch me lines."

"I don't mean work!"

"Oh! In me spare time I keep me room and study in me books."

"Do you work on the room or the books most?"

"On the room just what it takes to keep it up and the rest of the time on me books."

The angel eyed him sharply. "Well, maybe you are going to be a great scholar," she said, "but you don't look it. Your face isn't right for that, but it's got something big in it—something just great. I must find out what it is and then you must go to work on it. Your father is expecting you to do something. You can tell by the way he talks. You ought to begin right away. You've wasted too much time already."

Poor Freckles hung his head. He had never wasted an hour in his life. There had never been one that was his to waste.

The angel, studying him intently, read his thought in his face. "Oh, I don't mean that!" she cried, with the frank dismay of sixteen. "Of course you're not lazy! Nobody would ever think that from your looks. It's this I mean: There is something fine, strong and full of power in your face. There is something you are to do in this world, and no matter how hard you work at all these other things nor how successfully you do them it is all wasted until you find the one thing that you can do best. If you could go anywhere you please and do anything you want, what would you do?"

"I'd go to Chicago and sing in the First Episcopal choir," answered Freckles promptly.

The angel dropped back on a seat; the hat she had taken off and held in her fingers rolled to her feet. "There," she exclaimed vehemently, "you can see what I'm going to be. Nothing, absolutely nothing! You can sing? Of course you can sing! It is written all over you."

"Anybody with half wit could have seen he could sing without having to be told," she thought. "It's in the slenderness of his fingers and his quick, nervous touch. It is in the brightness of his hair, the fire of his eyes, the breadth of his chest, the muscles of his throat and neck and, above all, it's in every tone of his voice."

"Will you do something for me?" she asked.

"I'll do anything in the world you want me to," said Freckles largely, "and if I can't do what you want I'll go to work at once and I'll try till I can."

"Good," said the angel. "Go over there and stand before that bank and sing something—anything you think of first."

It was a children's song that he had led for the little folks at the home many times.

To fairy land we go,
With a song of joy, heigh-o!
In dreams we'll stand upon that shore
And all the realm behold.
We'll see the sights so grand
That belong to fairy land.
Its mysteries we will explore,
Its beauties will unfold.
Oh, tra, la, la, oh, ha, ha, ha! We're happy now as we can be.
Our welcome song we will prolong and greet you with our melody.
O fairy land, sweet fairy land, we love to sing—

Nothing could have given the intense sweetness and rollicking quality of

"THEN GO FLYING," SAID THE BIRD WOMAN.

Freckles' voice better scope. He forgot everything but pride in his work with the sound of his voice. He was on the chorus, and the angel was shivering in ecstasy when clip, clip, came the sharply beating feet of a swiftly ridden horse down the trail from the north. They both sprang toward the entrance.

"Freckles, Freckles!" called the voice of the Bird Woman.

They were at the trail on the instant.

"Both those revolvers loaded?" she asked.

"Yes," said Freckles.

"Is there a way you can cut across the swamp and get to the chicken tree in a few minutes and with little noise?"

"Yes."

"Then go flying," said the Bird Woman. "Give the angel a lift up behind me, and we will ride the horse back to where you left him and wait for you. I finished Little Chicken in no time and put him back. His mother came so close, I felt sure she would enter the log. The light was fine, so I set and focused the camera and covered it with branches, attached the long hose and went away off over 100 feet and hid in some bushes to wait. A short, thick man and a tall, dark one passed me so closely I could almost have reached out and touched them. They carried a big saw on their shoulders. They said they could work until about noon, and then they must lay off until you passed and then try to load and get out at night. They went on—not entirely out of sight—and began cutting a tree. Mr. McLean told me the other day what was likely to happen there, and if they get that tree down he loses his wager on you. Keep to the east and north and hustle. We'll meet you at the carriage. I am always armed. We will separate and creep up on them from different sides and give them a fusillade that will send them flying. You hurry, now!"

She gathered up the reins and started briskly down the trail. The angel, hatless and with sparkling eyes, was clinging about her waist.

Freckles worked his way with great care, dodging limbs and bushes with noiseless tread and cutting as close to where he thought the men were as he felt that he dared if he were to remain unseen. As he ran he tried to think. It was Wessner, burning for his revenge, aided by the bully of the locality, that he was going to meet.

He must follow the Bird Woman's plan and meet them at the carriage, but if they really did mean to try to help him he must not allow it. Let the angel try to handle a revolver in his defense? Never! Not for all the trees in the Limberlost! She might shoot herself. She might forget to watch sharply and run across a snake that was not particularly well behaved that morning. Freckles permitted himself a grim smile as he went speeding on.

When he reached the carriage the Bird Woman and the angel had the horse hitched to it, the outfit packed and were calmly waiting.

"Give babe one of your revolvers, quick!" said the Bird Woman. "We will all creep up until we are in fair range. The underbrush is so thick and they are so hard at work that they will never notice us, if we don't make a noise. You will fire first, then I will pop in from my direction, and then you, baby, and shoot quite high, or else very low. We mustn't really hit them."

Freckles protested.

The Bird Woman chose the middle distance, and for a last time cautioned the angel to lie down and shoot high, as she moved away.

Freckles' revolver spat fire. Lead spanged on steel. The saw handle flew from Wessner's hand and he reeled with the jar of the shock. Black Jack straightened, uttering a fearful oath. His hat was taken off by a shot from the northeast. The angel had not waited for the Bird Woman, and her shot could scarcely have been called high. At almost the same instant the third shot whistled in from the east. Black Jack spang into the air with a yell of complete panic, for it ripped a heel from his boot.

Freckles emptied his second chamber and the dirt spattered over Wessner. Shots poured in thick and fast. Without even reaching for a weapon, both men broke for the east road in great, leaping bounds, while leaden slugs sung and hissed about them in deadly earnest.

Freckles was trimming his corners as closely as he dared, but if the angel did not really intend to hit, she was shaving the limit in a scandalous manner.

CHAPTER X.

FRECKLES WINS HONOR.

WHEN the men reached the trail Freckles yelled at the top of his voice: "Head them off on the south, boys! Fire from the south!"

As he had hoped, Jack and Wessner instantly plugged into the swale. A storm of lead spattered after them. They crossed the swale, running low, with not even one backward glance, and entered the wood beyond the corduroy.

Then the little party gathered at the tree.

"I'd better fix this saw so they can't be using it if they come back," said Freckles, taking out his hatchet and making the saw teeth fly.

"Now we have to get out of here without being seen," said the Bird Woman to the angel. "It won't do for me to make enemies of these men, for I am liable to meet them about my work any day."

"You can do it by driving straight north on this road," said Freckles. "I will go ahead and cut the wires for you. The swale is almost dry. You will only be sinking a few inches at most. In a few rods you will strike a cornfield. I will take down the fence and let you into that. Follow the furrows and drive straight across it until you come to the other side. Be following the fence south until you come to a road through the woods east of it. Then take that road and follow east until you reach the pike. You will come out on your way back to town and two miles north of anywhere they are likely to be. Don't for your lives ever let it out that you did this," he earnestly cautioned, "for it's black enemies you would be making."

Freckles snapped the wires, and they drove through. The angel leaned from the carriage and held out his revolver. Freckles looked into her face and lost his breath. Her eyes were black and her face a deeper rose than usual. He felt that his own was white as death.

"Did I shoot high enough" she asked sweetly. "I really forgot about lying down."

Freckles winced. Did the child know how near she had gone? Surely she could not. Or was it possible that she had the nerve and skill to fire like that purposely?

"I will send the first reliable man I meet for McLean," said the Bird Woman, gathering up the lines. "If I don't meet one when we reach town we will send a messenger. If it wasn't for having the gang see me I would go myself."

Round eyed, Freckles watched the Bird Woman and the angel drive away. After they were out of sight and he was safely hidden among the branches of a small tree, he remembered that he had neither thanked them nor said goodby. Would the Bird Woman and the angel come again? No other women that he had ever known would. But were they like any other women he had ever known? He thought of the Bird Woman's unruffled face and the angel's revolver practice, and presently he was not so sure that they would not come back.

What were the people out in the big world like? His knowledge was so very limited. There had been people at the home who exchanged a stilted, perfunctory sort of kindness for their salaries. The visitors that called on receiving days he had divided into three classes—the kind that came with a tear in the eye and hypocrisy in every feature of their faces; the kind that came in silks and jewels and handed out to those poor, little mother-hungry souls worn toys that their children no longer cared for, in exactly the same spirit in which they pitched biscuits to the monkeys at the "zoo," and for the same reason—to see how they would take them and be amused by what they would do; and the third class, that he considered real people, who made him feel they cared that he was there and would have been glad to see him elsewhere.

Now, here was another class that had met him as a son and brother. With them he could for the only time in his life forget the lost hand that every day tortured him with a new pang. What sort of people were they and where did they belong among the classes he knew? He had to give it up because he had never known others like them, but how he loved them!

Out in the world where he was soon going were the majority like them or were they of the hypocrite and bun throwing classes? Freckles did not know, but he reached the ultimate conclusion that people like the Bird Woman, the angel, McLean and the Duncans were very rare, hence their exceeding preciousness.

He had forgotten the excitement of the morning and the passing of time when distant voices aroused him, and he softly lifted his head. Nearer and nearer they came, and as the heavy wagons rumbled down the east trail he could hear them plainly. The gang were shouting themselves hoarse for the Limberlost guard. Freckles didn't feel that he deserved it. He would have given much to be able to go out to the men and explain how it was, but only to McLean could he tell his story.

At the sight of Freckles the men threw up their hats and cheered. McLean shook hands with him warmly, but big Duncan gathered him into his arms and hugged him like a bear and choked over a few words of praise The gang drove in and finished felling the tree.

When the last wagon rolled away McLean sat down on the stump and Freckles told the story he was aching to tell. The boss could scarcely believe his senses. Also he was greatly disappointed.

"I have been almost praying all the way over, Freckles," he said, "that you would have some evidence by which we could arrest those fellows and get them out of our way, but this will never do. We can't mix those women up in it. They have helped you save me the tree and my wager as well Going about the country as she does the Bird Woman could never be expected to testify against them."

"No, indeed; nor the angel either sir," said Freckles.

"The angel?" queried the astonished McLean.

The boss listened in silence while Freckles told of the coming and christening of the angel.

"I know her father well," said McLean at last, "and I have often seen her. You are right, she is a beautiful young girl. I do not understand why her father risks such a jewel in this place."

"He's daring it because she is such a jewel, sir," said Freckles eagerly. "Why, she's trusting a rattlesnake to rattle before it strikes her, and, of course, she thinks she can trust mankind as well. The man isn't made that wouldn't lay down the life of him for her. She don't need any care Her face and the pretty ways of her are all the protection she would need in a band of howling savages."

"Did you say she handled one of the revolvers?" asked McLean.

"She scared all the breath out of me body," admitted Freckles. "Seems that her father has taught her to shoot. The Bird Woman told her distinctly to lie low and blaze away high just to help scare them. The spunky little thing followed them right out into the west road, spitting lead like hail and clipping all about the heads and heels of them."

"Now, will they come back?" asked McLean.

"Of course," said Freckles. "At least Black Jack will. Wessner might not have the pluck. And the next time"— Freckles hesitated.

"What?"

"It will just be a question of who shoots first and straightest."

"Then the only thing for me to do is to double the guard and get the gang here the first minute possible As soon as I feel that we have the rarest of the stuff out below we will come. The fact is in many cases until it is felled it's hard to tell what a tree will prove to be. It won't do to leave you here longer alone. Jack has been shooting twenty years to your one, and it stands to reason that you are no match for him. Which of the gang would you like best to have with you?"

"No one, sir," said Freckles emphatically. "Next time is where I run. I won't try to fight them alone. I'll just be getting wind of them and then make tracks for you. I'll need to come like lightning, and Duncan has no extra horse, so I'm thinking you'd best get me one, or perhaps a wheel would be better. I used to do extra work for the home doctor, and he would let me take his bicycle to ride about the place. And at times the head nurse would lend me his for an hour. A wheel would cost less and be faster than a horse and would take less care."

As they walked up to the cabin together McLean insisted on another guard, but Freckles was stubbornly set on fighting his battle alone. He made one mental condition. If the Bird Woman was going to give up the Little Chicken series he would yield to the second guard solely for the sake of her work and the presence of the angel in the Limberlost.

With McLean it was a case of letting his sober, better judgment be overridden by the boy he was growing so to love that he could not bear to cross him, and to have Freckles keep his trust and win alone meant to him more than any money he might lose.

The next morning McLean brought the wheel, and Freckles took it down to the trail to test it. It was new, chainless, with as little as possible to catch in hurried riding, and in every way the best of its kind. Freckles

"IT WILL JUST BE A QUESTION OF WHO SHOOTS FIRST."

went skimming around the trail on it on a preliminary trip before he locked it in his case and started his minute examination of his line on foot. He glanced around his room as he left it. On the moss in front of his prettiest seat lay the angel's hat.

He went and picked it up, oh, so carefully, gazing at it with hungry eyes, but touching it only to carry it over to his case, where he hung it on the shining handle bar of the new wheel and locked it in among his treasures. Then he went out to the trail with a new look on his face. He was not in the least afraid of anything that morning. He felt he was the veriest Daniel, and all his lions seemed weak and harmless.

Black Jack was not a man to give up his purpose or to have the hat swept from his head by a bullet and bear it meekly. Moreover, Wessner would cling to his revenge.

When Freckles gained his room he tenderly laid the hat upon his bookshelf and, to wear off his awkwardness, mounted his wheel and went spinning about the line again.

"Weel, I be drawed on!" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan an hour later.

Freckles stood before her, holding the angel's hat.

"I've been thinking this long time that ye or Duncan would see that sunbonnets werena braw enough for a woman of my standing, and ye're a guid laddie to bring me this beautiful hat."

She turned it about, examining the weave of the straw and the foliage trimmings, passing her rough fingers over the satin ties delightedly. As she held it up, admiring it, Freckles' astonished eyes saw a new side of Sarah Duncan. She was jesting, but under the jest the fact loomed strong that there was something in her soul crying out after that bit of feminine finery. He resolved that when he reached the city he would send her as fine a hat as the angel's if it took $50 to do it.

She lingeringly handed it back to him.

"It's unco guid of ye to think of me," she said lightly,

ESTABLISHED 1846.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 4, 1912

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. K. FORBES.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents

ADVERTISEMENTS:—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Special contracts made with local, transient and yearly advertisers.

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SINGLE COPIES.

Single copies of THE DEMOCRAT are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris,	Howard's Drug Store.
	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Noyes Drug Store.
	Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Paris Hill,	Mrs. Harlow, Post Office.
West Paris,	Samuel T. White.

Coming Events.

June 4.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Hebron.
June 17.— Primary election.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Defective Eyesight.
Acknowledge It.
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Parker's Hair Balsam.
Lost.
C. B. Cummings & Sons.

Maine News Notes.

The opera house at Presque Isle burned the other night at a loss of $25,000. Fortunately the fire started just as the audience was leaving after a moving picture show, and there was no panic or injury.

Mrs. George D. Sides, a widow, aged about 65, hanged herself to a bedpost in her chamber at Camden Tuesday. Her act was supposed to have been the result of ill health. She leaves three sons and one daughter.

Herring are reported as being very plentiful along the coast and sold at such low prices as to be little sought. The figure now named is $5 a hogshead, though at this season of 1911 they were selling as high as $25.

Frank P. Smart, aged 54 years, committed suicide by hanging some time Monday night at his home in Hampden. He had been suffering from a nervous breakdown and is believed to have been temporarily deranged at the time.

The body of a man about 40 years old and five feet tall was found washed up on the bank of Merrymeeting Bay Sunday. The body was badly decomposed and everything indicated that the man had been dead at least a month and that the body had been on the shore of the bay some time before its discovery.

Capt. J. A. Orne of Calais has recently purchased and is repairing the venerable schooner Hiram. This ship was built in Biddeford in 1818 and is said to be the oldest merchant marine afloat. Captain Orne is fitting her up in good sea going condition and will rig her as top sail schooner, the style of 100 years ago, which was her original style. He will sail her around the Horn to San Francisco, Calif., and will exhibit her at the 1915 exposition. The hull of the old vessel is as good as the day the planks were put in place by the pioneer shipbuilders of Biddeford, and it is safe to predict that Captain Orne's exhibit from the rock bound coast of Maine to the golden shores of California will prove interesting.

High School Certificates for U. of M.

A few years ago a distinct advance in the educational standards of New England colleges was made by the formation of the New England College Entrance Certificate Board. This board took upon itself the task of passing upon the qualifications of all New England secondary schools which chose to send its graduates to colleges upon the certificate plan. The association has included nearly all the New England colleges, with the exception of Harvard and Yale. The indebtedness of educational standards to the work of this board is beyond question.

At the time of the formation of this organization the University of Maine carefully considered whether its peculiar relations to the secondary schools of Maine would permit it to associate itself therewith. It was finally voted to do so and the University has been a member up to the present time. It has, however, been for some time an open question whether the State University could not do better work for the schools of the state by withdrawing from the Certificate Board and fixing its relations with Maine fitting schools upon the recommendation of somebody within the state. The action of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in classifying the secondary schools of Maine into three groups, the first of which being in his judgment, qualified to prepare students for college, has suggested a line of policy which the University has recently adopted. Notice has been sent to all principals of Class A schools that its graduates will be accepted without conditions in the University of Maine in the subjects approved by the state superintendent. The State Department has undertaken to see to it that those schools are kept up to proper standards and to remove a school from this class as soon as it fails to do its work in a satisfactory manner. The faculty of the University will cooperate with Superintendent Smith in the matter, and thus the educational standards of the University and the secondary schools will be safeguarded.

Map of North America.

How many people would guess that the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal is on the west coast of Panama and that the Pacific end is on the east coast? Look at the map and see how the east coast of the Isthmus becomes a west coast. Although there is nothing new in the publication of a map of the continent of North America, it is worthy of note that the United States Geological Survey has just issued a large map of North America, 28 by 38 inches, in three colors. This is probably the most accurate general map of its character that has yet been published and is particularly well adapted for school work. It is on a scale of 158 miles to 1 inch, which is sufficient to show in considerable detail the major geographic divisions, such as states and provinces. Colorado thus extends 2 1-2 inches east and west and Cuba 4 1-2 inches the longest way. The map is sold by the Director of the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., at the nominal price of 20 cents a copy, or at a discount of 40 per cent in case as many as 25 maps are ordered. This wholesale rate covers simply the cost of paper and printing.

Highmoor Trees in Bloom.

Your readers may be interested in knowing that with the methods of handling that have been practiced by the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station at Highmoor Farm even with the large crop of 2600 barrels of merchantable apples harvested in 1911 the trees were able to set even more fruit buds in 1911 than in 1910. The orchards will be in full bloom the week beginning June 2. Visitors are always welcome at the farm. The condition of the trees at the present time in their freeness from disease and insect enemies, and the large bloom are worthy of study and note. They are indicative of what may be done in many neglected orchards of the state by proper care.

CHAS. D. WOODS, Director.
Orono, Maine, May 29, 1912.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. G. W. F. Hill, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12. Sabbath evening service at 7:30. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited.

Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker of Arlington, Mass., who has supplied the pulpit at the Universalist church for several summers past, will begin his services for the season next Sunday, and continue until the last Sunday in September. Hour of service as usual, 10:45 A. M. Mr. and Mrs. Knickerbocker will board at Miss Mellen's.

Friends here have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Marion Parris and Mr. William Roy Smith. The wedding will take place at four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, the eleventh of June, at the West End Collegiate Church, West End Avenue and Seventy-seven Street, New York.

Judge and Mrs. J. P. Deering of Saco were with Mrs. E. H. Jackson Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Andrews, with friends from Berlin, N. H., leave here Tuesday for Prince Edward Island to visit Mrs. Andrews' father.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Paris Hill Water Company will be held at the Hubbard House on Saturday evening of this week at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Cullen Carter arrived here last week and opened the Carter summer home.

William E. Atwood and Miss Viola M. Dixon of Portland were guests at George M. Atwood's several days the past week.

Road Commissioner William B. Russell rebuilt the road between this village and South Paris last week, using the road machine drawn by A. W. Walker & Son's traction engine. The rain which came the last of the week made rather heavy wheeling over it.

Decoration day was celebrated chiefly by staying in out of the wet. The rain was one of the heaviest for several seasons and the roads were badly washed in places. During the gale of Wednesday night a large elm on Main Street near Mrs. Snow's "Seven Gables" was blown over, taking the nearest telephone pole and lines down with it, and a very large limb was broken off another elm near the house of E. B. Curtis.

There will be seats for all who wish to enjoy the concert by the Imperial Male Quartette of Boston at the Baptist church on Tuesday evening, June 18th. All are invited.

The cement sidewalk on Main Street in front of the Hubbard House and the Baptist parsonage was completed last week.

There is an unclaimed letter at the post office for Wesly Norris.

Greenwood.

However much or little the world may have dried up in the past, it has had a good wetting down since May came in. Here it is Memorial Day, May 30, and so much rain that not a hill of hoed crops has yet been planted and only a part of the ground plowed. As good luck would have it the old ground was seeded and brushed in the first of the week.

A thunder shower passed over Friday evening, a bolt striking E. H. Morgan's house at the City, and damaging it to the amount of $40, so estimated. It entered by way of the chimney to the wood work, then visited several rooms leaving its mark all the way along, and performing in the mean time some curious freaks. There were five persons in the house at the time, Mr. Morgan, his wife and boy in one room, or near by, and two others in another. Mr. Morgan sat reading by a hanging lamp which was instantly extinguished, and all three so stunned as to be nearly unconscious for a few moments, while the other two persons entirely escaped the shock. A little later on, lighting up and looking about, they found the bolt had entered the room by making a big hole through the wood work and plastering, and besides putting out the light had partially demolished the telephone, but although the clock stood near by on the shelf, it was still recording the footsteps of Father Time as if nothing had happened. Mr. Morgan admits that it was a close call, and thinks he has some idea how Richeson felt when he came in contact with the same element. Some hail fell during the shower but to no great extent.

Another thunder shower came up Wednesday afternoon turning into a copious rainstorm, which continued through the following night and far into the next day, thus making it very unpleasant for the memorial services.

Fruit trees are blossoming more than last year, and the crab apple trees, until within a few days, looked like huge distorted snow balls. The same may be said of field strawberries, omitting the snowball part, and since the season is past the frost line a good crop of that delicious small fruit may be depended on.

Wednesday, Mrs. Newton Bryant and her mother, of New Gloucester, visited here and were obliged to remain longer than they intended by getting caught in a thunder shower. Mrs. Bryant told a little poultry story which sounded like a poser until made plain, and was undoubtedly correct. A few weeks ago she set a hen on 13 eggs and in due time she came off with 14 chickens, all smart and claiming her as their mother. Mrs. Bryant says she knows how many eggs she put under the hen, and had no idea she was sitting on more until the brood was counted.

Frank Brooks has sold his farm to his cousin, Warren Brooks, and bought the place formerly owned by the late Jonathan Abbott at South Bethel.

Friday afternoon: Still raining and no signs of fair weather.

Hiram.

On Sunday, May 26, the churches of Hiram and East Hiram met in Union Memorial service at the Universalist church. Rev. Isabella Macduff, Universalist pastor of Bridgton, preached an instructive and practical sermon from the text, "Honor to whom honor is due."

On Memorial Day, a large audience assembled in K. of P. Hall and listened to an eloquent address by Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt of East Hiram. Master Thomas Ray recited Lincoln's Gettysburg oration in a faultless manner. Miss Mattie McKeen gave a recitation, and the thirteen school girls dressed in white performed some interesting evolutions. The Star Spangled Banner and America were sung by the choir. Henry W. Merrill presided. It was a thrilling and impressive scene when he exhibited an old American flag with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes used in Massachusetts a century and a quarter ago. The gray haired veterans arose and saluted it, the audience also rising.

Andover.

Walter Hanson has sold his farm to Nathan Campbell, and will locate near Rumford Falls.

B. L. Akers went to Rumford on business last Saturday.

Mrs. Lizzie P. Bradeen, who has been sick for some months, passed away May 23d. The funeral was held Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. N. S. Godwin, Rev. H. L. Packard officiating.

H. M. Hodgman is having the outside of his house and store repainted. C. B. Crooker, Jr., and M. H. Elliott are doing the work.

Richard Farrar has finished work for Sylvanus Poor and returned to his home in Rumford.

C. A. Rand has bought the Lincoln Dresser farm. Ed Rand will occupy it.

Brownfield.

Memorial ceremonies were observed Thursday at Town Hall as in former years. In the forenoon members of Daniel A. Bean Post decorated the graves of their comrades in different parts of the town. Dinner was furnished by members of the Post and Corps. Rev. Mr. Potter of Cornish delivered the address.

Charles Howard, formerly a resident of this town, now of California, came here with the remains of his wife to be interred in Pine Tree Cemetery.

Mr. Horace Blake died very suddenly last Sunday morning.

Bethel.

Memorial Sunday was observed with a union service in the Congregational church Sunday morning. The organ and chancel bore national flags gracefully draped, and the altar was covered with white apple blossoms. A large chorus choir under the direction of Dr. I. H. Wight rendered appropriate music. The Grand Army and Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans marched in and occupied seats in the body of the house. Upon the platform were Rev. J. H. Little, pastor of the Universalist church, Rev. W. C. Curtis, pastor of the Congregational church, who assisted in the opening services. Rev. B. F. Fickett of the M. E. church preached an appropriate sermon from the text, "Other men labored, and ye are entered into the fruits of their labor." Mr. Fickett called attention to the fact that just twenty years ago, during a former pastorate here, he preached the memorial sermon. The services were impressive, and helpful to keep alive the fire of patriotism, which should never be allowed to grow dim.

Tuesday the W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Andrews, and the delegates reported the county convention.

Tuesday evening the song recital by Mrs. Ravi-Schoonover and Mr. Ernest J. Hill, assisted by Mrs. Florence Chipman-Berwick, was given in Odeon Hall, and was a rare treat. Mrs. Schoonover's friends and former parishioners were pleased to listen again to her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, which always was such a delight during her residence here. Mr. Hill captivated his audience from the start. The violinist, Mrs. Chipman-Berwick, was not a stranger to a Bethel audience, and was warmly welcomed. Mrs. Elsie Hall-Thurston, accompanist, received the same appreciation her Bethel friends have always accorded her, and it was a pleasure for Bethel friends to meet her again. The program was one worthy such artists, and the M. E. society, under whose auspices the concert was given, richly deserve the thanks of the public for the privilege of enjoying such a musical treat.

Wednesday evening Mr. Edmund E. Holt, a native of Bethel and life-long resident for eighty years, passed away at his home on Chapman Street. Mr. Holt had been twice married. The first wife was Phebe Wight. The second wife, who survives him, was Mrs. Caswell of Harrison. Mr. Holt will be much missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Funeral services were held at his late home Saturday afternoon.

Thursday the rain prevented the outdoor memorial exercises which had been arranged, in which the school children were to have taken part. At Odeon Hall in the evening a very fine program was given. Herrick's Orchestra gave the opening selection. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Curtis. Lincon's address at Gettysburg was recited by Carroll Valentine in a most pleasing manner. Mrs. I. H. Wight rendered two solos very sweetly, with Miss Mildred Hapgood accompanist. The orchestra rendered several selections in rare taste. Remarks were made by Major True, and in a few well chosen words Rev. Merrill C. Ward of Norway was introduced by E. C. Park, Esq., as the speaker of the evening. Mr. Ward is an easy speaker, and held the closest attention of his audience while he told many stories of the war, reviewed many parts of the struggle, and impressed lessons of patriotism upon all present. The program closed with the singing of America by the audience, accompanied by the orchestra.

Mrs. W. C. Curtis has returned from the Central Maine General Hospital, where she has been for surgical treatment, and her friends are pleased with her improvement.

Sunday commencement week at Gould Academy will open with the baccalaureate sermon at the Congregational church, preached by Rev. J. H. Little, pastor of the Universalist church. Thursday afternoon, graduation exercises. Thursday evening, concert. Friday evening, reception.

Rev. J. H. Little delivered the memorial address at Bowdoinham.

West Bethel.

"June brings roses, and she ushers
In the day that boy loves best,
Giving him his student honors—
After them vacation's rest;
And, oh, surely, his diploma
Which the learned dean bestows
Should be crowned by smiling sisters
With a bright and glorious rose."

"I hear thy presence in the whispering air,
The lifting leaf, the honey-bee's low tune,
The drowsy hum of insects everywhere;
The world is full of thee, O peerless June!"

Refreshing rains.

Good weather for grass and mosquitoes.

Another social dance is advertised to be held in Grange Hall on the evening of June 8th.

G. Dana Morrill and family were visited last week by his daughter and husband of Auburn.

Miss Stella Allen visited her parents in Cumberland Saturday, and returned Monday.

Leslie Cummings of Albany and Miss Susan Tyler of Bethel were united in marriage on Memorial Day.

Mrs. W. A. Farwell visited her cousins, Mrs. L. E. Bean and Miss C. J. Mason, in South Paris last week.

The weather of the past week insures us against damage from drouth during the first half of June.

Mrs. John Wight of South Paris visited her father and two brothers here from Wednesday afternoon to Friday forenoon and met several old friends on Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Whitten of Auburn, Ind., accompanied by their children, are visiting Mrs. Whitten's parents, Harlan P. Dennison and wife.

Edgar R. Briggs was in the villages of South Paris and Norway last week, distributing advertising matter from house to house for Jordan's Advertising Service, and was fortunate in having good weather for the work, and came home Wednesday.

East Bethel.

Wm. B. Bartlett has a crew of men building a cellar wall, preparing to enlarge his barn.

Z. W. Bartlett has several choppers cutting pulp on his upland farm.

L. Dorey has moved his family to the Thurlow rent.

Campbell Brothers of Andover have been pressing hay for E. S. Bean, George Hastings and F. B. Howe, the past week.

Miss Ella Farwell is taking piano lessons at Rumford Falls.

Alder River Grange worked the third and fourth degrees at their last meeting and the harvest feast was served.

Hebron.

Another victory for Hebron at the Brunswick track meet on the 25th.

Owing to the illness and death of her father, Mr. Bridgham, Mrs. E. M. Glover was at Mechanic Falls several days last week.

Hebron Grange held their memorial exercises in Grange Hall Saturday, the 25th.

Dr. Tilden gave a memorial sermon Sunday, which was greatly enjoyed.

The exercises Memorial Day were not as largely attended as usual on account of the rain. Veterans from Post Dwinal and Sons of Veterans from Mechanic Falls were present. Dr. Tilden gave the address. There was music by Hebron Military band, and an excellent dinner was served by the Z. L. Packard Relief Corps. The graves were beautifully decorated, not alone the soldiers but the whole cemetery.

Miss Hobsdon, the preceptress at the academy, was called to her home in Pownal by the death of her father last week. Principal Sargent and H. K. Stearns attended the funeral Monday.

There was an entertainment Tuesday evening by the Colby Glee Club, which gave an entertainment at the sanatorium Wednesday morning.

Drew Stearns is the happy owner of a new bicycle.

South Rumford.

Born, May 28, to the wife of George D. Pye, a son.

Mrs. Arthur Putnam, Frederick Allen and David Atwater have had the measles and several others are exposed.

Albert Silver from Bethel is working for Asa West.

Tom Falardo's driving horse died and he bought another of Will Kerr.

Helen Keene is working for Mrs. Charles Demeritt in Virginia.

West Paris.

Rev. J. H. Little of Bethel, State Lecturer, will give the memorial address for West Paris Grange at Grange Hall, Saturday, June 8, at 2 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to the public, especially those who have lost friends during the year that were members.

Will Curtis has moved his family to South Paris, and Bert Day, who purchased Mr. Curtis' house, has moved his family there.

Mrs. Winnie Harwood Phillips arrived here from Washington last week and has been the guest of Mrs. Julia Curtis. Mrs. Phillips was the second daughter of the late Capt. William and Lorinda (Lurvey) Harwood, who lived for several years in this village. Mrs. Phillips reports the members of her family all dead.

Elinor H. Tuell was given a variety shower Saturday evening, May 25, in honor of her approaching marriage on June 5th to Edwin J. Mann. Miss Tuell received many beautiful and useful gifts, consisting of tablecloth, napkins, luncheon cloths, tray cloths, towels, bureau scarfs, commode covers, doiles, chafing dish cloth, center pieces, stationery, china, kitchen utensils, all appropriate to gladden the heart of the bride-to-be. Refreshments of ice cream and crackers were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hill, Mrs. Elmer Marston, L. H. Penley, Mrs. H. R. Tuell and daughter, Miss Elinor H. Tuell, have all been ill from grippe.

There will be a public supper and entertainment at Centennial Hall, Friday evening, June 7, under the auspices of Onward Rebekah Lodge. Supper served at 6 o'clock.

Bryant's Pond.

Leon Blodgett, who has been baggage master at this station for the past two years, is now operator at Percy, N. H.

Earl Felt of Norway was the guest last week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Felt.

A large number of trout fry were received last week from the United States hatchery by D. A. Cole.

G. L. Cushman and family have moved to their summer cottage near South Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayden of Portland are staying for a few days with Amanda Sheran.

Though it was a dismal day Thursday there was a good attendance at the afternoon memorial service which was held at the Universalist church. An interesting feature was the exercises given by members of the primary school, also a fine declamation was rendered by Mr. Richardson of Lewiston. The address delivered by Rev. C. G. Miller of South Paris was a splendid effort.

Locke's Mills.

No special observance of Memorial Day this year.

Wednesday afternoon there were exercises at the school house, consisting of recitations and music by the children.

Miss Edith Thurston of Bethel was in town over Sunday.

Fred Morton has returned from a two weeks' vacation in Boston.

Rev. Mr. Joslin of Norway preached at the Union church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winchester of Portland are at Mrs. Lena Rand's camp for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Wilson of Boston are at Birch-haven for a few weeks.

John Marshall of Burlington, Vt., was at L. C. Trask's Wednesday. He represents the U. K. Fairbanks Co.

Azel Bryant has hired the blacksmith shop, and Charles Reed is working for him. We need a good blacksmith here, and he would have plenty of work.

Ransom Cummings is in poor health, and we all hope he will soon be as well as usual.

Mrs. Ida Crooker has returned from Hanover.

Herbert Crooker is working for Charlie Farrington.

East Waterford.

W. H. Chadbourne was at home over Sunday from Strickland's Ferry where he has lumbering operations.

W. S. French of Oxford has begun work on Sidney Hall's new house.

Work on the corn shop progresses slowly owing to the bad weather.

Helen Stevens is through working for D. L. Pride. Clara McGorman takes her place.

H. O. Rolfe's mill was shut down two days for repairs.

North Paris.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Abbott, nearly forty of whom united in hanging them a Maybasket recently, are cordially thanked for the many very nice and useful things that heaped the large tub to overflowing. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott will soon go to housekeeping in A. B. Abbott's rent.

E. E. Thurlow will soon go to Massachusetts to live, having sold his farm to a Finn. Mr. Thurlow sold a large lot of personal property May 31st.

Oxford.

Agnes Hackett of Poland is visiting at Anson Holden's.

The rainy weather interfered somewhat with the Memorial Day exercises here although they had a small parade, consisting of the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Boy Scouts and school children. In the afternoon Mr. Motley of Portland delivered the oration in the M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stone from Portland are visiting relatives here.

The junior class of the high school here are preparing a drama, "The Mishaps of Minerva," which they intend to present June 7. Following is the cast of characters:

Mortimer J. Sterling,	Harold Hall.
Victor Brown,	Fred Pottle.
Harry Stevenson,	Fred Gammon.
Barnes, the Butler,	Verner Smith.
Mike Shannon,	Ralph Lamb.
Mrs. Lydia Sterling,	Ruth Downing.
Minerva Sterling,	Doris Andrews.
Clara Sterling,	Verna Denning.
Molly, the maid,	Iola Haskell
Bells Brantley,	Alfreda Haskell.
Mrs. Wright,	Hortense Wood.
Miss Palmer,	Margaret McNeil.
Mrs. Jennie Van Dusen Spuyker,	A personage

John Dyer went to Bolster's Mills Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Andrews, who is visiting her sisters here, celebrated her birthday Wednesday. In the evening a few friends and neighbors called to give her a surprise party.

Denmark.

The continued storm for the past week has made planting of all kinds behind and crops will be late. Hardly any sweet corn has been planted yet in this section.

Mr. C. E. Cobb is building a building at the bridge here for an art studio.

A large number of Rebekahs of Silver Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F., will attend the district meeting at Cornish, Maine, June 6.

The prize drill of the grammar school will take place Friday evening, June 7th, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Norway Lake.

Dr. E. J. Noyes of Lovell spent a few hours at J. L. Partridge's the 26th.

Mrs. Will Wood went to Sabattus the afternoon of the 30th. She expects to return there to live in the near future.

The sick ones here are gaining, but not very fast.

More sunshine might be good for sick people.

Peru.

Geo. Inglis of Auburn, V. S., is testing the cows in this section for the farmers, this week.

Work on Grange Hall is progressing finely considering the rainy weather that we have had.

The farmers are planting their corn. The ground is so wet in sections that some of it will be late.

Arthur Newton and M. H. Babb spent Sunday at Bemis, and they brought home some trout.

Charles Lovejoy, the father of Supt. Lovejoy of the Maine Central Railroad, died on the 30th and he will be buried at West Bethel.

East Greenwood.

Otis Curtis is stopping with his brother Ernest for a while.

George M. Tubbs has returned from Casco, where he has been visiting for a few days.

Hattie Curtis is visiting friends in Sumner.

Clarence Pease has the chicken pox.

Ernest R. Curtis' five children have the whooping cough.

Cora Doughty and family are on the sick list.

Buckfield.

Mrs. Addie Bridgham of Cohasset, Mass., and her daughter have been guests of her relatives here during the week.

The Ladies' Circle of the Baptist church have had an extension put on the backs of the pews, making them much more comfortable and improving the looks of the church. The plan was worked out by Mr. Virgil Cole and he and Daniel Murch did the work. Everybody is invited to come and try them.

Miss Elizabeth Kimball of Portland was the guest of the Misses Shaw the last of the week.

Owing to the storm Thursday the Memorial Day services were canceled. The school exercises were held at the school house Friday afternoon and were of the usual standard of excellence. The graves in the cemetery were decorated Thursday afternoon by members of the Post and Sons of Veterans.

Mrs. Minnie Gile went to Farmington Friday to stay over Sunday with her daughter, Miss Julia.

Supt. Knight of South Paris was a visitor at the Buckfield schools Wednesday.

Mr. Stanley Damon has been here for a few days.

Miss Imogene Smith of Sanford is here with her grandparents.

The water main burst on High Street, Friday morning, causing some inconvenience during the day, but water was turned on again at night after temporary repairs were made.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Ulrich of Baltimore, Md., arrived at the home of Mrs. Ulrich's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lunt, on Tuesday. They will spend the summer in this vicinity.

A. T. Cole has purchased a Maxwell runabout and C. E. Foster has purchased a Maxwell special. C. C. Withington and W. C. Allen have also purchased cars recently.

Mr. Solon Purinton was in Waterville over Memorial Day. Commencing June 1st, the bank will close Saturday afternoon.

East Sumner.

The rain on Memorial Day sadly interfered with the program as intended. The march to the cemeteries and decoration of graves had to be delayed until afternoon. Several, however, braved the elements and got out to the Congregational church, and enjoyed a fine dinner, and listened to one of the best addresses ever given here on a Memorial occasion. The orator, for such was the Rev. F. A. Leitch of Auburn, gave one of the most loyal, impressive addresses that we ever heard, and did himself and the veterans great credit in his noble speech. It was very evident that he was loyal to the soldiers, their families, and all good, patriotic citizens, including Theodore Roosevelt, and the cause of Maine prohibition. "The best yet," said some of the veterans at the close of his speech.

Mrs. Ella S. Heald left on Friday for Old Orchard, where with her sister, Mrs. Albert D. Park, she will spend a few days, and also visit South Paris before her return.

A portable steam mill for cutting out lumber for E. I. Brown and John Libby has been set up on the site of the old J. D. Howe mill. It came from Strickland's Ferry.

West Sumner.

The Harmony Club held a business meeting on Saturday evening at the home of Walter M. Chandler. At the close of the meeting a fine supper was served followed by music.

Owing to so much illness among the members of the S. B. Reading Club no meetings have been held since February. The president has called a meeting to be held in the reading room of the library Thursday, June 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chandler spent Sunday with Mrs. J. A. Tuell.

Mrs. L. E. Pulsifer of Natick, Mass., who has been visiting her father, E. W. Chandler, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Ella Chandler, who recently underwent a serious operation at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, is now at home and gaining slowly every day.

G. H. Barrows has moved into the house of Dr. H. F. Atwood.

North Stoneham.

Florence Smith has gone to work for Mrs. I. A. Andrews.

Howard Bliah is doing chores for Elden Andrews of Stow.

Lewis McAllister of North Lovell has been ploughing and harrowing for Mrs. N. H. Sawyer.

Frank and Jack Bowers from Boston are at H. B. McKeen's for a week.

Alfred Spear from East Stoneham has been painting Arthur Stone's boats, getting them ready for the summer.

H. M. Adams has another cottage nearly completed. It will make four cottages, besides his main house. They are all engaged for the coming season, and he has had to turn away lots of boarders.

James McAllister, an aged man who has always lived alone, was taken sick. M. E. Allen took him to his house and called a physician. He took him to Ephraim McAllister's at Bartlettboro and he only lived two days. He was buried in the family lot at West Stoneham.

Oxford County's Apportionment.

As the districting is new this year, that for Oxford County is here given. One representative for each of the following classes of towns:

Rumford.
Oxford, Norway and Waterford.
Hebron, Paris and Woodstock.
Dixfield, Peru, Canton, Hartford, Sumner and Buckfield.
Hiram, Porter, Denmark, Brownfield, Fryeburg and Stow.
Gilead, Riley, Newry, Grafton, Upton, Magalloway, Lincoln, Andover, Byron, Roxbury and Mexico.
Lovell, Sweden, Stoneham, Albany, Greenwood, Milton, Mason, Bethel, Hanover and unclassified territory.

THE DEMONS OF THE SWAMP

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength falls; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50cts. at the Chas. H. Howard Co.

If present plans prove successful the first hydro aeroplane meet ever held in the country will be pulled off at Portland, early in July. Harry Atwood will be one of the aviators, and he will bring one or more birdmen with him. The dates selected are July 10, 11 and 12, if a three-days meet is decided upon, and July 11 and 12 if it lasts but two days. The exhibitions will take place in Portland harbor in all probability.

HELPS A JUDGE IN BAD FIX.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents at the pharmacy of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Frank A. Sterling of Caratunk, who has been appointed clerk to the state assessors, to succeed the late James Plummer, is 52 years of age, and is the father of fifteen children.

PUTS END TO BAD HABIT.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys 25c. Chas. H Howard Co.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and give a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 23 years. *They never fail.* At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 19-22

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Dean's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives, herpes, scalies—Dean's Ointment. At any drug store.

GOATS AND INSURANCE.

You'd Hardly Think the Two Were Related, but They Are.

Everybody knows something about insurance. Almost everybody carries some—life, accident, fire, fidelity, plate glass, partnership, burglary, marine or what not—and many occasionally find the payment of the regularly recurring premiums a heavy tax, however greatly they may appreciate the advantages of holding the policies. Everybody knows something about goats, but few would think of associating goats with insurance or of acquiring goats with a view to reducing the amount of their premiums. Yet a large contracting firm in Kansas City keeps a herd of Angora goats for that very purpose.

The company's yards cover many acres of ground, and the buildings and other equipment thereon represent an investment of several hundred thousand dollars. When the yards were first established the weeds and other vegetation on the property were considered by the underwriters to be dangerous fire hazards, so much so that the rates charged were almost prohibitive. It was agreed, however, that if the weeds were kept down the premiums would be greatly reduced.

But the cost of mowing the weeds and cutting down the undergrowth would have been in itself no inconsiderable item in the yearly budget. The company accordingly bought a flock of Angora goats and turned them loose in the extrahazardous yards. The goats now keep the yards cropped as close as a mowed lawn and not only save the firm a large amount annually in fire insurance premiums, but thrive so well on the objectionable vegetation and multiply so abundantly that they have actually returned a considerable profit on the amount of the company's capital that their purchase represents.—Detroit Free Press.

CHURCH STEEPLES.

And the Ancient Mountain Peak Shrines of the Storm God.

There is a theory which finds the spire of the New England meeting house in the mountain peaks of Arabia.

Tracing back the process of evolution, we come first to London, where the clean sweep of the great fire gave Sir Christopher Wren his opportunity to experiment in steeples, and then Venice, where the campanile is a shining example of a tower beside a church, but separate from it, and then to Alexandria, where the famous lighthouse on the isle of Pharos contributed to the religion of Mohammed both the form and the name of the minaret, and then to the tower of Babel at Borsippa and the zikkurats of the temples of Babylonia and Assyria. A zikkurat is a huge quadrangular mass of brick, rising in diminishing stories—as a child places a big block on the floor and puts a smaller one on it and on that a smaller still—and ascended by a winding balustrated stair to a shrine on top.

This, according to the theory, was the ritual equivalent of a mountain.

Into the flat lands between the Tigris and Euphrates came the ancestors of the Babylonians and Assyrians out of the mountains of Arabia. There they had worshipped the storm god, who dwelt upon the heights among the clouds, with whom they communed, like Moses, by climbing up and making their offerings and saying their prayers upon the summit. And because there were no mountains in their new country they erected beside every temple a little mountain in the yard. Thus the zikkurat, and then the minaret, and then the campanile and then the steeple of the parish church.—George Hodges in Atlantic Magazine.

DYNAMITE ACCIDENTS.

Some of the Stuff May Remain After a Charge is Exploded.

"It is generally supposed that when a charge of dynamite has exploded it is all over—that the entire charge has been consumed," said a "hard rock" man who has worked in mines, in river tunnels and other places where high explosives are used. "This supposition, however, is not correct," he continued. "Sometimes particles of dynamite will be blown out with the broken rock. Then it becomes a menace to the workmen. It is a favorite practice of men who are waiting or resting to sit on a pile of 'muck,' as the broken rock is called, and to jab into it with a pick or a candlestick or some other steel thing, much the same as a Yankee will whittle while he talks or thinks. If the steel strikes one of these bits of dynamite that has not gone off, because the glycerin in it has started to run or because a fragment of it has been crystallized, there will be an explosion. The chances are that not one of the group of men sitting around will escape injury.

"Another frequent cause of accidents is that sometimes when the dynamite explodes and tears out the rock a small quantity of it will be left in the bottom of the drill hole, unaffected by the shock. If the drill hole that remains happens to be pointed in the right direction a lazy drill runner is likely to take advantage of it and start his new hole in the old one in order to make a record or save time. The instant his drill commences to thud on the unexploded dynamite it goes off. The steel is driven back through the barrel of the machine, wrecking it and usually killing the drill runner. This explains many mysterious deaths that have been attributed to 'missed shots.'"—New York Press.

Original of Sam Weller.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam or Samivel Vale, who was well known as a London comedian who acted in the farce called "The Boarding House" and subsequently at Covent Garden theater. Sam Vale was noted everywhere for his Wellerisms, such as "Come on, as the man said to his tight boot," "I'm down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle," "Where shall we fly, as the bullet said to the trigger," and "Let every one take care of themselves, as the donkey observed when dancing among the chickens." Sam Vale died in 1848.

Clean Monday.

Clean Monday is peculiarly a Grecian institution. It is the day that ushers in the great Lenten fast at Athens, and the people go holiday making to eat Lenten fare on the hills around the city, while the shepherds and country people dance the ancient Greek dances in the old temples. This practice is termed "cutting the nose of Lent."

Earning a Spanking.

Host's Youngest—Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nurryche? Mrs. Nurryche—Dear me, what an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? Host's Youngest—Oh, only 'cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing Oct. 1, 1911,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A.M., daily; 9:43 A.M., daily except Sunday; 4:36 P.M., daily.
Going up (west)—9:43 A.M., daily; 3:35 P.M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P.M., daily.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. T. McWhorter, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 11:45 A.M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 P. M.; Evening service 7:00 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

Methodist Church, Rev. T. N. Kewley, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayermeeting 10:00 A. M.; preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting 6:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30; class meeting Friday evening 7:30.

Baptist Church, Rev. E. A. Davis, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 P. M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; Wednesday evening prayer service 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome.

Universalist Church, Rev. Chester Gore Millier, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. C. U. at 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 39, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.

Wm. K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in Grand Army Hall.

S. of V.—Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp meets on the first Tuesday night after the full of the moon.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, meets first and third Saturday of each month, in Grange Hall.

U. O. G. C.—Second and fourth Mondays of each month.

K. of P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Pythian Hall.

Mrs. Louise Briggs is in Portland for a visit with relatives.

Miss Helen Rogers is visiting her friend, Mrs. Hosmer, in Auburn.

Mrs. Alice Rogers is visiting relatives and friends in Portland and vicinity.

Varen A. Bumpus of Hebron was a guest at J. H. Jones' a short time last week.

Mrs. S. L. Plummer of Lovell is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fred B. Wiggin.

Miss Emma Walton of Melrose Highlands, Mass., is a guest at Arthur E. Clark's.

Mrs. H. H. Hosmer of Auburn visited friends here and at Norway a few days last week.

Mrs. E. P. Parlin of Wilton visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake, last week.

Mrs. Matilda Richardson has gone to Exeter, N. H., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Peaslee.

The chorus of the Baptist Girls' Brigade sang at the jail on the morning of Memorial Day.

George W. Frothingham of Portland visited his mother, Mrs. Ellen Frothingham, on Memorial Day.

Miss Alice Houghton of Portland has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry D. Cole, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Bowker of Portland were guests at C. W. Bowker's Wednesday and Thursday.

The Prohibitionists of Oxford County are requested to meet at Benjamin Swett's, Saturday, June 8, at 7 P. M.

Willis Carl and Miss Inez Mabry of Portland have been guests for a few days of Mr. Carl's uncle, S. C. Ordway.

Mrs. Ellen F. Cummings of Mechanic Falls was at Wirt Stanley's a few days last week, and is now visiting on Paris Hill.

Miss Carrie Gray has gone to Rangeley, where she will be employed at table work at the Rangeley Lake House for the summer.

Mrs. Lester E. Robinson and Mrs. G. A. Chandler of East Sumner visited relatives and friends in South Paris and Norway a few days last week.

The Baptist Boys' Brigade had a campfire up the river Wednesday evening, under the direction of Capt. Will Hickey and Lieut. H. G. Flemming.

Memorial Day guests at N. D. Bolster's were Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Morton and Mrs. Helen Hargrave of Portland, and Donald S. Chapman and family.

Sunday the Berlin excursion train was started, and will run every Sunday until some time in October. The time is the same as for years, 10:22 A. M. going west, and 6:00 P. M. going east.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Merrill of Rockport have been here for a few days, called by the serious illness of Mr. Merrill's mother, Mrs. L. S. Merrill. Mrs. Merrill, although in a dangerous condition for a time, is now better.

George H. Clark is at home, having finished the year's work in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he has one more year to complete the course. He will be employed this summer by the General Electric Co. at Lynn, Mass.

Paris High School has been re-approved by the New England College Entrance Certificate Board for the term of three years, beginning Jan. 1, 1913. This means that students graduating from the college preparatory course in this school will be admitted to the New England colleges on their certificate of graduation, without having to take any entrance examinations. Paris High School has already been on the list of approved schools for some years.

Town Clerk Wheeler has received the ballots for the primary election of June 17th. The total number of regular ballots for the three parties represented is 6120. As the usual number of ballots cast at a regular election in Paris is a little over 800, it is evident that quite a large portion of these ballots will eventually go into the waste paper, and the question at once occurs whether the primary law might not be amended so as to save a considerable expense in the matter of ballots, without infringing any one's rights.

The Delta Alphas had a fair audience at their entertainment given Thursday evening for the benefit of the piano fund. The musical numbers were a piano trio by Misses Lulu Davis, Marie Newton, and Nora Dunham, a violin solo by Miss Grace Dean, a solo by Mrs. Smiley, and a solo by Mrs. Wilson, with violin obligato by Miss Dean. Mrs. Burnham was accompanist. Mrs. John F. Wood of Snow's Falls was the reader. Mrs. Wood has never been heard here before, but she gave great pleasure. Her selections were varied, and from the dramatic story of "Ginevra" with which she opened, through the range of emotions to the Frenchman's version of Adam and Eve in the garden, which was convulsingly funny, she was enthusiastically recalled at each appearance, and was generous in her responses.

South Paris people who took their outing at Shagg Pond were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morton at their camp, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Eastman at the Holmes camp. A very juicy holiday. The pond rose six inches in twenty-four hours, which was moderate considering the downpour. Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Wheeler of Wakefield, Mass., came Thursday and went directly to Shagg, where they spent the rest of the week arranging for the building of their new camp. Sanger Maxim with the Stanley steamer took the Holmes party to Shagg late Wednesday afternoon, returned in the evening, then Thursday morning took a fishing party to Andover, came back to Shagg that night, arriving late in the evening, and Friday morning brought the Holmes party to South Paris. As it poured most of the time during the forty-two hours covered by these trips, it was quite a strenuous period.

Mrs. Nelson G. Elder is in Portland for a short time.

Lester A. West has sold his milk route to F. L. Cotton.

Charles R. Elder is spending a few days at his summer home here.

Howard G. Wheeler was at home from Manchester, N. H., over Sunday.

Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., will work the rank of Esquire next Friday night.

In this late season Mrs. C. G. Miller is already having radishes and lettuce of her own raising.

Miss Mary Abbott, who is teaching at North Newry, was at home over the Memorial Day recess.

G. O. Chase is building a stable at the Hayden place off Western Avenue, which he recently purchased.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Thayer have been here from Old Orchard visiting their relatives for a few days.

No remarks about the weather are necessary. It doesn't rain all the time, but it almost seems as if it did.

A new diamond has been put in at the crossing of the electric track over the Grand Truck track at the station.

Rev. C. G. Miller will preach the sermon for the Knights of Pythias at Bryant's Pond next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Brett of Beverly, Mass., have been the guests of his brother, Charles E. Brett, for a few days.

Donald S. Briggs has gone to Rangeley, where he has a position as clerk for the summer at the Rangeley Lake House, where he was last summer.

Next Sunday will be observed at the Methodist church as children's Sunday, with a sermon to the children in the morning, and a children's day concert in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Brown and son John of Caribou are guests of Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuart. Percy Whitman of Boston is also a guest there.

Another union service of the Congregationalists of South Paris and Norway will be held at the Norway church next Sunday evening, at 7:30. Some of the laymen will take part in this service.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Richardson are entertaining Mrs. B. L. Sawyer of New York City, N. Y., and Mrs. Wm. Culbert of Portland, Me., at Camp Owsley, Crystal Lake, Harrison, Me., for a few days.

Mrs. Albert D. Park, with her sister, Mrs. Heald of East Sumner, is at her Old Orchard cottage for a few days. Mr. Park was there over Sunday, and goes to Fryeburg to attend Probate Court on Tuesday.

Any persons having carried home food from G. A. R. Hall, on dishes belonging to the circle are asked to return the same. Quite a number are missing. The number of pitchers especially is a good deal reduced.

The New Tennis Club beg to correct an error in the item of last week's Democrat regarding the entrance fee which is only 50 cents instead of $1.00. Murray Bigelow was elected vice-president and Miss Eva Walker assistant secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. L. C. Smiley entertained the members of her store force and a few other friends at a seven o'clock dinner at her home Wednesday evening, the guests being Miss Mosher, Mrs. Mary Shurtleff, Miss Florence Richardson and Miss Florence Gordon.

Dr. Leon S. Merrill, dean of the agricultural college of the University of Maine, was here Tuesday to visit the high school, and addressed the students, as well as talking individually with some of them who have in mind possible attendance at the college.

H. N. Porter has recently sold three lots on High Street, near the north end of the village, one to Miss Martha O. Wyman adjoining the lot on which her house stands, and two to Maurice L. Noyes. Mr. Noyes will probably build a house there this summer.

Advertised letters and cards at the South Paris post office June 3, 1912:

Mrs. Frank Flebl.
Mrs. Howard Clark.
John Ringe.
D. R. Walker.
H. D. Abbott.
K. Korltonen.

S. F. DAVIS, P. M.

Two children, Ruth Kathryn Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Greene, and Nelson Jewett Haskell, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Haskell, were baptized at the morning service at the Congregational church Sunday. A sermon to the children was given by Rev. A. T. McWhorter.

Members of Wm. K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., wish to extend to Mrs. Henry Maxim sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers sent by her for use on Memorial Day. It was a favor highly appreciated, serving to brighten and offset the effect of the lowering clouds and the inevitable sadness of the day.

The remains of Eben Marston, who died in Portland Wednesday at the age of 88 years, were brought here Saturday, and taken for burial to Norway, of which town Mr. Marston was a former resident. Mr. Marston was a brother of the late Mrs. Ruth Thayer of Paris, and is the third of the family to die within a year.

Very much out of date, in these rapid times, are the days when a boy was willing to tramp half a dozen miles to play a game of ball. Recently the Democrat heard a member of a high school team remark: "I d' know as I want to ride twenty-two miles, for the sake of playing ball, in a darned old team." Nothing less than an auto for him.

The Universalist society will observe children's Sunday next Sunday. At the morning service every member of the Sunday School is asked to be present and assist in the exercises. Mr. Miller will preach a sermon appropriate to the day. Different committees have been chosen to make arrangements. The children are asked to meet at the church at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jean Tolman are with Mr. Tolman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tolman, and expect to spend most of the summer vacation in Maine. Mr. Tolman is musical director in Coker College, Hartsville, S. C. In addition to his regular work, he has organized a choral art society at that place, which held music festivals last year and this. Last year's festival was a good success for the initial undertaking, and this year's festival was a great success in all respects.

Nine young lady members of the Pioneer chorus, the Misses Allen, Duteille, Haggett, Lane, Miller, A. Muzzy, L. Muzzy, Stiles, Rock and Scalar, sang on Monday evening for "shut-in" friends—Mrs. Wetherell, Mrs. Godwin and Mrs. Beedy. Much to the young ladies' surprise delicious and elaborate refreshments were served them at each of these ladies' homes. The Pioneers very earnestly thank their generous hostesses, but beg them not to give themselves the great trouble of preparing a treat, as the chorus desire ardently that their song offering be absolutely without recompense.

June Weddings.

Mr. Charles W. Baldwin and Miss Eva Belle Thompson, both of Norway, were united in marriage by Rev. A. T. McWhorter at the Congregational parsonage Saturday evening. The single ring service was used.

Mr. Alphonso W. Allen and Mrs. Effie E. Herrick, both of South Paris, were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage Saturday evening, by Rev. T. N. Kewley.

Oxford Congregationalists.

The annual meeting of the Oxford Association will be held with the Bethel Congregational church, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11 and 12, opening at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning and continuing through Wednesday afternoon.

I wish to thank my many friends and neighbors for the post cards, letters and sympathy received while in the hospital.

MRS. E. M. STONE.

West Paris, R. F. D. 1.

David Woodbury has his usual supply of garden seeds on sale.

Memorial Day Once More Observed.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD HONORED BY SONG, SPEECH AND FLORAL TRIBUTES.

In the midst of a Memorial Day sunless and gloomy as to skies, the rain ceased long enough for the usual services of the day to go on here, though under rather hard conditions. The wreath and the flag were placed at every soldier's grave, and song and address testified the appreciation of the services rendered not only by the dead but by the living.

At 9 o'clock in the morning, after a night of rain which still came down fast, it looked as if the ceremonies of decoration in the forenoon would be at least doubtful; but by 10 o'clock the rain had stopped, and the line was formed for the march to Riverside Cemetery.

Lumley Castle Band, of twenty-four pieces, F. P. Knapp leader, headed the procession. The boys not only played for the forenoon services, but at the exercises of the afternoon. Never have they played better, and their work was the subject of much comment and congratulation.

Following the band was a delegation of Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R.—only a handful—and then members of the Boy Scouts and Boys' and Girls' Brigades and school children.

No exercises were held at the cemetery, the band playing while the graves of comrades were decorated by the veterans. The line then reformed and marched back to the Square, and the band and the veterans marched to Moore Park, past the soldiers' monument, and returned to Grand Army Hall. A dinner was served there by the ladies to the veterans, the band, and others.

W. S. Starbird presided at the afternoon exercises, which opened in New Hall at 1:30 with music by the band. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. T. McWhorter, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address was read by Miss Eva E. Walker. Several appropriate selections were sung during the exercises by the Schubert Quartette, made up of Mrs. Wilson, Miss Noble, Mrs. Smiley and Mrs. Burnham. There were also readings by Miss Arline Crocker and Miss Nettie Newell, an original poem by Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Maxim addressed to Wm. K. Kimball Post, read by Miss Crocker, and the introduction to Beethoven's Twelfth Sonata on the piano by Miss Winifred Robinson of Hartford.

Mrs. Maxim's poem, read by Miss Crocker, was as follows:

MEMORIAL DAY, 1912.

TO KIMBALL POST, G. A. R.

From our home circles, one by one they are passing—
Our cherished old soldiers who fought in the "blue;"
And above earth's haze their grand columns are massing,
Filled with the souls of the tried and the true.

Their bodies of clay in the brown earth sleeping
Sense nothing of the life above them to-day;
But their souls, forging on past the region of weeping,
Feel our love and remembrance ascending alway.

We honor their graves with crowns of sweet flowers,
Lily o' the valley and pink apple-blows;
Violets and mosses from green woodland bowers,
And all the bright beauty our sweet May-time knows.

The comrades yet with us, life's mountain still climbing,
With faces set calmly toward heaven above—
We greet this spring day with speeches and rhyming,
Heedful of the valor we honor and love.

They fought, with the many brave comrades arisen,
Shoulder to shoulder in the thick of the fight;—
Suffered with sickness, with wounds, and in prison,
And never gave over their patriot-might.

And our town regards them in gratitude ever,
And crowns them in thought with bright laurel and bay—
Appreciating all their youthful endeavor
A true part to bear in the nation's sore fray.

O may this memorial day be one of many
Yet blessed with their presence in friendship and love!
And the years long and happy, that pass ere any
Join the ranks of the Great Grand Army above!

ALICE ELIZABETH MAXIM.

Comrade W. S. Robinson of Hartford was then introduced to give the address of the day. Mr. Robinson is a soldier who saw long service, wounds and imprisonment in the civil war, and he is no stranger to the people here, to whom he has before spoken on Memorial occasions. He spoke about three-quarters of an hour. His address was somewhat rambling, as it mingled personal experiences, counsel to the youth before him, and flashes of philosophy, with bits of eloquence which would grace any platform. He said in part:

Those comrades whose graves it is our privilege to decorate to-day need no eulogy from us. Nor is any granite memorial needed. When granite and even more enduring bronze have crumbled into dust, that which they did will stand as their monument. They were never beaten in the history of the world for their valorous deeds, and they never will be.

The animosities and bitternesses engendered by the strife, when every man was inspired with the desire to slay his enemy, are disappearing, as they should. The Blue and the Gray are coming nearer, and up yonder they will join hand in hand and sing together "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

What a Titanic struggle—the greatest the world has ever seen! Two million men in the Union army alone. If that two million men should march through this public square, four abreast and ranks four feet apart, traveling twenty miles a day, you would stand and watch for fifty days before the last man had passed.

The speaker then related some personal experiences, and traced the history of the struggle, from its beginnings in the institution of slavery in a country dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, to its culmination in the firing on Sumter. Some thought that it was a disturbance which would soon be settled, but they had little conception of the temper or the quality of the men on either side. The southern soldier in his first onset was something terrible, but defeat tended to dishearten him. The northern man was steadier and had the greater endurance. If we could withstand the onslaught of the forenoon accompanied with the Rebel yell, we could almost always feel sure that we should whip them before the sun went down.

The speaker said he had been asked how many battles he was in, but he could not tell. He knew that from the time they entered the campaign of the Wilderness on the 4th of May until the 17th of June, he was under fire, within range of the enemy's artillery, every day for those forty-three days, but how many battles they could reckon as having fought in that time he did not know.

Brief reference was made to the Spanish war, and the patriotic way in which the younger generation responded to the call as their fathers did in the sixties, Abraham Lincoln was cited as an inspiration to the best for the youth of to day, and the speaker closed with a few eloquent sentences addressed directly to his comrades.

Scalar Concert at Hebron.

The commencement concert at Hebron Academy will be given by Mlle. Scalar, on the evening of Tuesday, June 18. By request Mlle. Scalar will, with only one or two changes, repeat the program given at her concert at South Paris in December.

Roy C. Hurd of Hebron will be at Howard's drug store next Saturday, from 1:30 to 3:30, to enable South Paris people who desire to secure tickets. The price of the seats is $1.00.

For the convenience of those who have no other means of transportation, a tally-ho party will be made up from South Paris, with B. W. Tuttle as driver, and a mountain wagon will also be used. Round trip fare 50 cents. All who wish to go by this means are requested to notify Mrs. Agnes Morton.

WHAT TEXANS ADMIRE

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio. "We find," he writes, "that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made." Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney trouble. 25 cents at the pharmacy of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease,

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 19-23

NORWAY.

Village schools except the high school closed Wednesday afternoon.

George I. Cummings and family occupied their Pike Hill house for the first time this week.

The officers of Frank T. Bartlett Camp, No. 8, U. S. W. V., are:

Com.—Ross L. Bickford.
S. V. C.—Timothy L. Heath.
J. V. C.—Joseph Ratcliff.
Adjt.—Merton L. Kimball.
Q. M.—Sanger Maxim.
O. of D.—Herbert I. Holt.
O. of G.—Charles S. Bartlett.
Surg.—Bial F. Bradbury.
Chap.—Horace H. Cole.

The following officers of the Browning Reading Club have been elected:

President—Mrs. Hiram L. Libby.
First Vice-President—Elsie A. Favor.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. Thurza Lovejoy.
Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bicknell.
Asst. Sec.-Treas.—Ellie Swan.
Program Committee—Margaret Baker, Mrs. Thurza Lovejoy, Mrs. Gertrude Hosmer.
Flower Committee—Elsie A. Favor, Mrs. Elizabeth Bicknell, Mrs. Lena Andrews.
Picnic Committee—Mrs. Alice Danforth, Mrs. Nora Recue, Mrs. Edith Bartlett, Mrs. Nellie Shepard.

Dr. Harry Nevers and Dr. Cutting have returned to their Lawrence, Mass., home. They greatly enjoyed their vacation and fishing at the lake.

S. C. Foster has had his barber shop improved with a new steel ceiling.

It is reported that Frank P. Stone is sick with typhoid fever at his home on Pike Hill.

Hon. A. J. Stearns, his mother, Mrs. Ellen R. Stearns, and Miss Stearns, spent Memorial Day at the Stearns homestead place in Lovell.

William Bolton, the landscape gardener, opened a new business at the Elm House this week in connection with his work—that of selling plants. He has a contract with Bangor parties for work later in the season.

The friends of Mildred Pottle gave her a surprise party Monday evening. They were all office girls from the B. F. Spinney & Co. factory. Before they departed they presented Miss Pottle with a dozen silver soup spoons. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

John M. Bumpus has sold his former home place at Steep Falls to F. I. McAlister.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Brooks were the guests of Mrs. Brooks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gammon, this week. Mr. Brooks is settled at Mechanic Falls.

N. W. Bennett has just recovered a gold watch he lost while plowing on the Seitz farm two years ago. It was in good condition and all right except the loss of the crystal and one hand. It keeps good time and was bright and all right.

While Alphonse Martineau was driving down Water Street his horse became frightened and unmanageable. At Bridge and Main Streets the driver was thrown from the carriage. His skull was fractured. The horse ran against a telephone pole and badly damaged the wagon. The horse was captured little injured by the accident.

Alexander McLean and wife have returned from Florida to their lake cottage, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown of Bangor are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Freeland Howe, Jr.

Clarence Parker is the new clerk at F. P. Stone's drug store during Mr. Stone's sickness.

Mrs. Hattie Crosby of Manchester, N. H., was the guest of Mrs. F. E. Decoster this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pendexter and son will spend the summer at the Isle of Springs.

Mrs. Jabez E. Budden, who fell some time ago and broke her hip, is able to be about the house.

Miss Emma J. Smith and guests, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Burnham of Philadelphia, Pa., are at their lake cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Masseck will soon arrive home from Naples, Italy. After some time at Mr. Masseck's home in Somerville, Mass., they will visit Mrs. Masseck's father, James Danforth, in this village.

Mrs. Benjamin Bacon celebrated her 74th birthday Monday, May 27th.

Capt. W. W. Whitmarsh observed his 77th birthday Monday, the 27th inst.

L. I. Bartlett has returned from a visit with his son, Charles S. Bartlett, in Auburn, this week.

Randall O. Porter and family enjoyed a few days at Beechenrowe Cottage, Locke's Mills, recently.

Mrs. Annie Laferrier Wingate of Hallowell returned to her home after a very pleasant visit with her Norway relatives and friends.

Edith Rideout of Bates is at home sick with the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Fogg of Berlin, N. H., were the guests of Mrs. Mary Pike Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert T. Bennett made a visit to their Poland Campground cottage this week for a day.

Albert Hadley has moved from Paris Hill to one of the Clark tenements, corner Pleasant and Water Streets.

Perry Russell, who has spent the winter in Abington, has returned to the home of his daughter, Mrs. George H. Bennett, for the summer.

The last meeting for the summer will be held by Abigail Whitman Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, with Mrs. Laura A. Sanborn, Wednesday evening, June 5th.

Base Ball.

P. H. S. 7; M. F. H. S. 4.

Paris High School won its game with Mechanic Falls High School at Mechanic Falls Saturday by the score of 7 to 4.

PARIS H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
S. Davis, s.s.	1	4	1	1	2	1
Edwards, 2-b.	3	2	1	5	1	0
Brooks, 1-b.	4	0	2	4	0	1
Newton, c.	4	1	1	15	1	0
L. Davis, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Merrill, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Shaw, 3-b.	4	0	2	2	2	0
Penfold, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Winslow, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Woodworth, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	32	7	8	27	7	4

MECHANIC FALLS H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mains, 2-b.	4	0	1	2	3	2
Ford, 1-b.	5	2	2	17	1	1
Russell, p.	5	1	3	1	5	0
Arris, c.	5	0	1	3	2	1
Rankin, c.f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Goss, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Spiller, l.f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Woodsum, 3-b.	4	0	0	2	3	2
Jewett, s.s.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Totals,	35	4	8	27	16	7

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Paris H. S.	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	1—7
Mc. Falls H. S.	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	2—4

Two-base-hits, Brooks, Russell. First base on balls, off Penfold 5; off Russell 5. Struck out, by Penfold 15; by Russell 5. Left on bases, Paris 6; Mechanic Falls 7. Double plays, S. Davis-Edwards. Stolen bases, S. Davis 2, Brooks; Ford, Russell. First base on errors, Paris 2; Mechanic Falls 2. Hit by pitched ball, (Penfold) Jewett; (Russell) Newton. Umpire, Faunce. Scorer, C. Easson.

Next Saturday's game of Paris High is with Hebron Second at Hebron.

Will Install $2000 Organ.

At the meeting of the Universalist parish Tuesday evening, it was voted, after full discussion, to install a pipe organ to cost $2000 when installed, without motor. The matter of a motor will be left for some future time, and hand power will be used for the present.

Work will begin when the necessary balance is raised, the fund not yet being complete. The purchase of the organ, as well as all details connected with it, such as possible necessary changes in the building, were left with the parish trustees and the organ committee. The trustees are A. E. Shurtleff, Charles A. Young and J. A. Kenney. The organ committee are Rev. C. G. Miller, Mrs. H. E. Wilson, and A. L. Holmes.

Mr. Heath Speaks Wednesday.

In his speaking tour of the state by automobile, Hon. H. M. Heath of Augusta will speak at South Paris and Norway on Wednesday evening of this week. The South Paris meeting is at New Hall at 7:30, and the Norway meeting in the Opera House at 8.00. Mr. Heath's subject is "Modern Live Republicanism." As in addition to Mr. Heath, Thomas Leigh of Augusta is to speak at the Norway meeting, it is probable that Mr. Heath will not be strictly limited to the half hour at South Paris.

Girl wanted, to learn type-setting at the Democrat office. Permanent work for the right one.

ESCAPES AN AWFUL FATE.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick and safe, it's the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free at the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. This blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

"Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years." —Mrs. L. Whitescre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Born.

In South Paris, June 3, to the wife of Guy Cole, a daughter, Lucille Farrar.

In Norway, May 25, to the wife of Leslie H. Flint, a son.

In Norway, May 26, to the wife of Fred Locke, a daughter.

In South Rumford, May 28, to the wife of George D. Frye, a son.

In Greenwood, May 25, to the wife of Lewis Libby, a son.

In Mexico, May 26, to the wife of George A. Hutchins, a son.

Married.

In South Paris, at the Methodist parsonage, June 1, by Rev. T. N. Kewley, Mr. Alphonso W. Allen and Mrs. Effie E. Herrick, both of South Paris.

In South Paris, June 1, by Rev. A. T. McWhorter, Mr. Charles W. Baldwin and Miss Eva Belle Thompson, both of Norway.

In Norway, May 25, by Rev. M. C. Ward, Mr. Charles W. Moody of Auburn and Miss Lucinda B. Littlefield.

In Great Falls, Montana, May 25, Mr. Ralph Jones Lasselle, formerly of Norway, and Miss Inga Kathryn Dahl.

In Fryeburg, May 26, by Rev. Baman N. Stone, Mr. Ceylon D. Emery and Miss Mabel Douglas, both of Fryeburg.

In Fryeburg, May 26, by Rev. Baman N. Stone, Mr. Harry E. Charles of Stow and Miss Lois Heald of Chatham, N. H.

Died.

In Portland, May 29 Eben Marston, formerly of Norway, aged 88 years.

In Bethel, May 26, Edmund E. Holt, aged 80 years.

In Andover, May 23, Mrs. Lizzie P. Bradeen.

In East Stoneham, May 19, James McAllister, aged 78 years, 5 months, 16 days.

In West Sumner, May 28, Valmore A. Dunn, aged 72 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In Peru, May 30, Charles B. Lovejoy, aged 78 years.

In Mexico, May 29, Mrs. Cassie, wife of George A. Hutchins, aged 37 years.

In Rumford, May 26, William Dukszita, aged 33 years.

In Brownfield, May 26, Horace Blake.

BUCKFIELD, June 5, 1912.

Whereas, my wife, Florence W. Tucker, is living separate from me, I hereby give notice that I shall not be bound to pay any bills contracted by her after this date.

23-25 CHARLES H. TUCKER.

LOST.

A small black purse containing a small sum of money and two rings, one a pale green tourmaline and the other a signet, with the initials H. R. C. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at Norway post office or at Democrat Office.

FOR SALE.

Five swarms of bees.

NELSON P. CUMMINGS.

R. F. D. 1, South Paris. 23

LOST.

Between South Paris and Mrs. Drake's, in the Whittemore neighborhood, a lady's black suit jacket. Finder please leave at Democrat office. 23

Uncle Sam

is oftentimes perplexed to decipher the destination of the various notes and letters coming through his office. Safe and prompt deliveries are as important as the penning of a note. In order to write well, good mediums are necessary. There is none better than the

CRANE
OR
"Made in Berkshire"
PAPERS

Call and examine the new additions to this well known line.

Chas. H. Howard Co.,
The Rexall Store,
South Paris, Maine.

Eastern Steamship Corporation.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE direct between Portland and New York — Steamers leave Franklin Wharf Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p m., also Mondays, 10:30 a. m., commencing June 24th. $6 One Way Portland and New York $10 Round Trip

PORTLAND LINE Service to Boston, Eastport, Lubec and St. John. — Portland Line Service Leave Franklin Wharf Portland, week days at 7 p. m., returning leave Boston week days at 7 p. m. Steamship R. B. Fuller.

International Line Service. Steamers leave Portland at about 5 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning leave Boston at 3 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leave Portland 5 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and St. John. Steamships Calvin Austin and Governor Cobb.

Fare between Portland and Boston $1.35. Staterooms $1.00 and $1.50.

PORTLAND AND ROCKLAND LINE — Steamer Monhegan leaves Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m. for Rockland and intermediate landings.

Express Service for Freight; all rates include Marine Insurance.

For reservations and all information address H. A. CLAY, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland.

Gases in Stomach Poison the Blood.

Gas forms in your stomach because the food you eat ferments and turns sour.

Allow this fermentation to go on and these gases become poisonous and the poison gets into the blood.

MI-O-NA stomach tablets stop the fermentation almost instantly, turn the poisonous gasses into liquid, and eliminate the poison mostly through the kidneys.

If you have any stomach trouble such as gas, sourness, heaviness, flatulency, or shortness of breath, MI-O-NA will give gratifying relief in five minutes.

They are sold on money back plan for acute or chronic indigestion, nervousness, dizziness, headaches, sleeplessness, etc. Sold by Chas. H. Howard Co. and druggists everwhere for 50 cents a box. 21-23

A Low Price Car
with a $12,000,000 Guarantee.

Before you buy ANY automobile, examine the NYBERG 1912 cars now on exhibition by

F. B. Fogg,
South Paris,

Agent for Oxford County and Harrison and Bridgton. It will pay you to see this car.

Also Agent for Brush Cars. Diamond Tires for Sale.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE

No. 234. A NICE FIVE ACRE FARM with a NEW set of buildings; dwelling of 7 large pleasant rooms, closets, pantry, water in house, split stone cellar; stable 17 x 25 feet with good hay loft; also small wood lot and finished lumber. School near by. An ideal poultry farm. 25 minute drive to Norway. Only $800, one-half down.

No. 260. 100 ACRE UPLAND farm with a timber growth consisting of 25 cords white birch; 100 cords poplar; 200 cords spruce, fir and hemlock; 150 cords hard wood; 25 acres in tillage; balance, wood and pasturage. Cuts 20 tons hay; principal crops corn, potatoes and hay. House 1 1-2 stories, ell, carriage shed connecting with barn 36x36 ft., second barn 34x32 ft. Running spring water to house and yard. Nearby markets for timber. Here is a good opportunity to secure a farm. $1300, only $500 down.

No. 227. UPLAND FARM OF 135 ACRES in Paris, including stock farming tools and hay, viz: 4 cows, calves, heifers, mowing machine, rakes, harrows, cultivators and small tools, 30 tons of hay in barn. Dwelling of 9 rooms, house 1 1-2 stories. Barn 67x38 feet with cellar under entire buildings. 200 apple trees, mostly to Baldwins, average yield 225 barrels. Two wood lots of 15 acres each, to old growth hard wood and young growth spruce. Never failing water to buildings. This farm will carry 20 head and at present cuts 40 tons of hay; smooth fields and all machine mowing. Tel

What Will the Bak

If you have used William Tell Flour it will be bread that is good as most cake—cake that is a miracle of tender lightness—pastry that melts in your mouth.

Our own special process, latest improved machinery, perfect organization, selected Ohio Red Winter Wheat, makes William Tell the ideal flour.

It is also the most economical—makes the most loaves to the sack.

Have it in readiness for your next baking. Remember to order (14)

William Tell Flour

FOR SALE BY N. DAYTON BOLSTER CO.

THE KEELEY CURE

For Liquor and Drug Using.

It Destroys the Craving
No Nausea or Sickness. No Confinement.
No Prostration or Collapse.

General health improves from the beginning. A scientific treatment, skilled physicians, rational and honest methods and a comfortable home.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,

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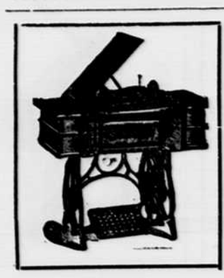
Home Remedies for Tobacco Using and Nervousness.
Printed Matter on Request. 19-45



STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

W. J. WHEELER & CO.,
South Paris.

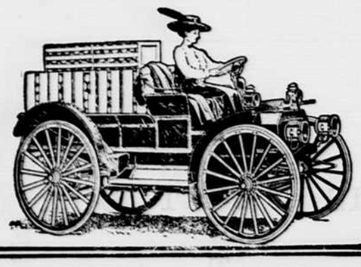
SEE L. S. BILLINGS FOR

Lumber of All Kinds for Building Purposes.

OUR SPECIALTIES--Paroid Roofing, Shingles, Apple Barrel Heads, Flooring, Sheathing, etc.

I am the ONLY AGENT here for Paroid Roofing. There are other makes, but Paroid is the best.

L. S. BILLINGS, South Paris, Me.



From Orchard to Market
Quickly and Cheaply

You can deliver fruit and produce to your shipping point in one-third the time and at less cost—regardless of hills or sand, good roads or bad, day or night, you can go anywhere in an

International Auto Wagon

Its solid tires eliminate all tire troubles due to punctures and blowouts. Its wheels are sufficiently high to give ample clearance, and unlike low wheels, they will not drop into chuck holes until the body of the car rests upon the roadbed, but will strike bottom and get traction in time to pull out. Its engine is air-cooled; no water to freeze and crack the water jackets. It is simple and practically fool-proof. Any man of ordinary intelligence can operate it and keep it in first class running order.

A. W. Walker & Son,
South Paris, Maine.

For Sale.

The James R. Merrill farm, situated in the easterly part of the town of Paris, near road leading direct from Paris Hill to Buckfield. This farm contains about 140 acres and was formerly occupied by the late Herbert Record. For further particulars inquire of
JARVIS M. THAYER,
20tf Paris Hill.

Wanted.

Young or middleaged man to distribute advertising from house to house in Norway and South Paris. References required. Address Jordan's Advertising Service, P. O. Box 282, Lewiston, Maine.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50 & $1
DRUGGISTS,
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

CANADIAN unleached hardwood ashes, the best fertilizers on earth, car lots bulk, twelve dollars; sacked, thirteen dollars; sixty cents per ton delivered. George Stevens, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada. 18 '12-18 '13

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Pianos
— AND —
Organs

Second hand Pianos and Organs for sale at a bargain. Two square pianos I will sell at low price. A lot of second hand organs that I will sell at any old price. Come in and see them.

New Pianos, Stools, Scarfs, Instruction Books, Playerpianos always in stock at prices that are right.

Send for catalog.

W. J. Wheeler,
Billings' Block, South Paris.

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1754.—Rimed Word Square.

We're going up —— this summer,
Beyond ——, concert and ball.
Where only the wild birds ——
And the chipmunks chatter and call.
Oh, what a —— it will be to stay
Where the north wind —— to caper and play!

No. 1755.—Riddle.

Take the name of a ship of the desert, insert a consonant and find the name of a celebrated mountain; then insert a vowel and find a confection.

No. 1756.—Rimed Transpositions.

Each blank is to be filled by a word of five letters. No two words are the same, but the same five letters are used to make each word:

With careless laugh he —— the fruit, when, hark!
A step, a tall —— man of aspect dark
Has barred the way. "My ——, then you shall know
My wrath! These —— of late too frequent grow.
I wield no ——, yet you, rash youth, shall see
How all transgression —— its penalty.
For I adjudge ('tis obsolete, you'll say)
That you shall —— what you have done today."

No. 1757.—Charades.

I.

My first is what is sure to rise
When folks my second hear;
No town can hope to stay my whole
With that second drawing near—
Which dies away far down the street,
Yet still stays in your ear.

II.

My first is good if ripe it be,
I'm found in plenty on the tree;
My second do not eye with dread,
From me great joy is often shed.
My whole seek in the peacock proud,
And on the head sometimes allowed.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 1758.—Beheaded Rimes.

A fisherman with a brand new ——
And hooks and lines and rod and ——
Fished all day long and caught an ——

He sat down on an empty ——;
"I shall not starve at any ——;
At breakfast heartily I ——.
Tomorrow, if I catch no ——
And all my plans are put to ——,
I'll throw my fishing tackle ——."

No. 1759.—Anagrams.

1. I lost pet cannon.
2. Mr. Aroma.
3. Dan Dare sell.

By rearranging the letters find the capital of a country which is partly in Europe and partly in Asia, and a small sea and a strait which separate the two parts of this country.

No. 1760.—Proverb in Rebus.

What old saying?

No. 1761.—Mixed Syllables.

When the following syllables have been placed in their proper order they will form eight words of equal length

Mat, con, arg, ass, re, men, a, heal trans, cul, tive, form, ri, miss, orn, ci, id, non, le, u, ible, con, ment, a, ist, ness, gist, ta, ous, th, ness, olo, u, tion, ith, ful.

The words may be defined as follows:

1. The act of admitting to membership.
2. Watchfulness.
3. Restoration of harmony.
4. Addicted to argument.
5. Capable of being transmitted to another.
6. Wholesomeness.
7. A student of birds.
8. One who does not belong to an established church.

When the words are rightly guessed their initials will spell the name of a famous battle fought B. C. 490.

Enigma.

I am composed of six letters.
My 2, 5, 4, 6 is not warm.
My 1, 3 is an exclamation when you wish quiet.
The whole is vacated in summer.
Answer—School.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1748.—Hidden Girls' Names: 1. Edith. 2. Jane. 3. Mabel. 4. Emma 5. Caroline. 6. Anna. 7. Bertha. 8. Edna.

No. 1749.—Changes: 1, tee, tree; 2, fog, frog; 3, heat, heart; 4, peal, pearl; 5, cow, crow; 6, bow, brow; 7, cat, cart; 8, hose, horse.

No. 1750.—Numerical Enigmas: 1, hall, bin, an—Hannibal. 2, vine, ice vivid, vice, I—Veni, vidi, vici. 3, sip, car, if, coin, a, us—Scipio Africanus. 4, idea, hide, arch, harm, dime, farm, soar, Cid—Ides of March. 5, alike, swim, lap, lash, all, kiss, an—"A small leak will sink a ship."

No. 1751.—Pictorial Code Rebus: "What fools these mortals be." Words—Wolf, moose, belts, earth, hats.

No. 1752.—Twelve Abbreviations: Jan, Feb, Mar, Apri, May, June, Jul, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec.

No. 1753.—Charade: Quake, err, s—Quakeress.

A CARD.

This is to certify that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lung. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Your husband looks all tired out."

"Yes, he is."

"Is his spring business unusually heavy?"

"Not especially. But he puts in so much of the day discussing pennant prospects that he has to work nights."

The woman of to-day who has good health, good temper, good sense, bright eyes and a lovely complexion, the result of correct living and good digestion, wins the admiration of the world. If your digestion is faulty Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct it. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"Does he know his own failings?"

"He ought to. His wife keeps the list."

WHEN BUYING, BUY ONLY THE BEST.

Costs no more but gives the best results. H. L. Blomquist, Eadalle, Wis., says his wife considers Foley's Honey and Tar Compound the best cough cure on the market. "She has tried various kinds but Foley's gives the best result of all." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: Editor HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Me.

Recipes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Most persons prefer shortcake with a biscuit dough, made as follows: To two cupfuls of sifted flour allow half a teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter (or two of butter and two of lard creamed together), and seven-eighths of a cupful of milk. Mix like biscuit, divide into two parts, and use as little flour and as little handling as possible while rolling into an oblong sheet. Give the smallest possible dusting of flour over the top, roll together like a jelly roll, and lift into the pan. Unroll and spread the top with melted butter. Place the second sheet on top. Let the oven be quite hot for the first five minutes, then lower to moderate heat and finish baking. When done, remove the upper layer, spread with butter, and cover with the coarsely chopped berries which have been washed and drained. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over the berries, cover with sugar, and lift the second sheet into place. Cover as before. Serve at once.

If a sweet cake is preferred, use one-half cupful of sugar, four level tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly and make one beating do for flour and milk.

STRAWBERRY FILLING.

An excellent filling for the one egg cake just given (when used as cake) is made as follows: Beat one cupful of cream till stiff, add one-third cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold carefully into the white of one egg, beaten stiff, and add one-half cupful of mashed strawberries.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.

To can in the oven, cover the bottom with asbestos paper, very thick, such as plumbers use, or put in shallow pans holding about two inches of boiling water. Sterilize everything used in canning. Fill jars with fruit, and pour in enough hot sirup to fill the jars. Let the oven be moderately hot and cook the fruit ten minutes. Remove the jars, one at a time, and fill to overflowing with hot sirup. Seal and place where no draft will strike them.

To can in a boiler, fill the jars as directed for oven work. Cover the jars loosely. Make a wooden rack for the bottom of the boiler, and put in enough hot water to come four inches above the rack. Place the jars on the rack and use some device to keep them from touching. Cover the boiler and allow the water actually to boil for ten minutes. Pull the boiler to one side and, when the steam has disappeared, place the jars, one at a time, in a pan of hot water. Fill to overflowing with boiling sirup and seal.

Strawberries need no water for cooking. Mash two quarts of berries, heat slowly, and strain through cheesecloth. Use this as a starter. Add from one-fifth to one-half as much sugar as fruit, remembering that the fruit will cause the sirup to become weaker. The two quarts of mashed berries will be about enough for eight to ten quarts of fruit. A weaker sirup of sugar and water, boiling hot, can be used for finishing the filling of the cans before sealing.

SUN-PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.

Use small glasses for sealing. Place the berries in layers in a preserving kettle, and use equal parts of berries and sugar. Do not fill the kettle with more than four inches of fruit. Bring it very slowly to the boiling point. Counting from the time the fruit begins to bubble, let it cook ten minutes, skimming carefully. Lift fruit and juice into platters, filling about three inches in depth. Cover with glass and put in a sunny window. In a few days the fruit will become plump and the sirup will be like jelly.

CHERRY PRESERVES.

Use sour cherries and proceed as for strawberries. If there is no time for sun preserving, allow the fruit to cook gently until a little of the juice becomes jelly-like when cold.

CANNED RHUBARB.

Rhubarb may be canned without cooking, as the acid of the fruit preserves without sugar or heat. Peel and slice the rhubarb. Put into sterilized jars and cover with cold water. After ten minutes, drain the water off and refill the jars with fresh cold water. Seal with sterilized covers.

RHUBARB CONSERVE.

Cut one quart of rhubarb into inch pieces. Add the pulp and juice of one orange, and the rind cut into fine strips. Add five almonds, blanched and cut fine, and as much sugar as rhubarb. Cook slowly until thick.

WEDDING CAKE.

One cupful each of sugar, butter, and molasses; one cupful of jelly or strawberry preserves, (homemade;) one cupful of buttermilk and one-half cupful of strong coffee; two eggs, one grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in one-half cupful of boiling water, two pounds of raisins and one of currants thoroughly washed, one pound of chopped candied fruit (lemon, orange, and citron), six cupfuls of flour, measured before sifting. See that the fruit is thoroughly mixed in the flour before it is added to the balance of the mixture. Turn into well buttered pans and bake one hour in a slow oven.

BISHOP'S BREAD.

Three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of split, unblanched almonds, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. A pinch of salt, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. Beat the eggs and sugar until very light. Then add flour and raising, and lastly the nuts and raisins. Spread in thin sheet on buttered tin, and cut in small oblongs or squares before it is cold.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK.

Take a round steak, beat it well and spread it with dressing like that used for poultry. Begin at one end and roll it up neatly, trying to keep it in shape. Put it in a bakepan with a little water, and bake until the meat is tender, basting it frequently, and when nearly done put a tablespoonful of butter over it. Thicken the gravy in the pan with a little flour and season well. Cut the meat as you would a berry-roll, slicing off the ends neatly.

FOAMY PUDDING SAUCE.

One cupful of sugar; two eggs. Beat sugar and yolks together in a bowl, set in boiling water. Then add whites, beaten stiff. Put a small piece of butter and one teaspoonful of vanilla in a bowl. Pour over the hot sauce just before serving.

MOCHA CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one large teaspoonful of melted butter, one-half cupful of boiling milk, two eggs, not beaten. Sift the flour, sugar, cream of tartar, and soda together twice. Add the butter, then break in the eggs, stir. Add the milk last. Stir briskly. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

MOCHA FROSTING.

One cupful of powdered sugar, a small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls of coffee, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar and add the cocoa, then coffee and vanilla. Add more sugar, if necessary. Spread with a knife dipped in hot water.

MARSHMALLOW FILLINGS.

One cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until thick like candy and stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and one-quarter pound of marshmallows. Boil up again and place it on the cake, letting each layer of filling cool before putting the cake on top of it.

To break the "eggy" taste of an egg shake add to the egg and milk before shaking a heaping teaspoonful of dark brown sugar.

Sandwiches that have been left over are very appetizing when toasted and served hot.

KOREANS ARE GLUTTONS.

Always Ready to Eat and Always Gorge Themselves When They Can.

The Koreans appear to be the greatest eaters in the world. To this the Japanese, French, English, Dutch and Chinese all bear witness. All reports concerning the Korean capacity for food seem to agree. In this respect there is not the least difference between the rich and the poor, the noble and the plebeian. To eat much is an honor in Korea, and the merit of a feast, it would seem, consists not so much in the quality as in the quantity of the food served. Little conversation occurs during the Korean meal, for each sentence might lose a mouthful. A Korean is always ready to eat. He attacks whatever he meets with and rarely cries "Enough!" Even between meals he will help himself to anything edible that is offered.

The ordinary portion of a laborer is about a quart of rice, which when cooked makes a good bulk. This, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble the quantity when he can get it. Eating matches are common. When an ox is slaughtered and the beef is served up a heaping bowl of the steaming mess does not alarm any guest. When fruits, such as peaches or small melons, are served it is said that they are devoured without peeling. Twenty or thirty peaches are deemed an ordinary allowance per person and rapidly disappear. Such prodigality in food is, however, not common, and for one feast there are many fastings. The Koreans are neither fastidious in their eating nor painstaking in their cooking. Nothing goes to waste. All is grist that comes to the mill in their mouths.—New York Press.

By and Large.

A correspondent asks, "Where did the fool expression 'by and large' come from, and what does it mean?" It is scarcely foolish, for the men who invented the phrase were the great sailors of the past, and by and large they opened a new world for folk to whom the speech of adventure is a closed volume. To sail "by" is to sail as close to the point from which the wind comes as the ship's lines will allow and as skillful steering will permit. To sail "large" is to sail with the wind. Together they include all possible points of sailing. Therefore "by and large" is a vivid phrase to express the idea of all included.—New York Sun.

Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin, 512 Jay St., La Crosse, Wis., writes that she suffered all kinds of pains in her back and hips on account of kidney trouble and rheumatism. "I got some of Foley Kidney Pills and after taking them for a few days there was a wonderful change in my case for the pain entirely left my back and hips and I am thankful there is such a medicine as Foley Kidney Pills." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

She—Well, I guess if women voted you wouldn't see 'em going around selling their votes for a dollar.

He—No, you're right, dear. They'd probably ask only 98 cents.

What a difference a comma makes! Woman is pretty, generally speaking. Woman is pretty generally sgeaking.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months; viz. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"I breathe my vows from a surcharged heart," murmured the young man.

"Nonsense, Henry," said the college damsel. "You don't breathe from your heart; you breathe from your diaphragm."

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

THEY PUT AN END TO IT.

Charles Sable, 30 Cook Street, Rochester, N. Y., says he recommends Foley Kidney Pills at every opportunity because they gave him prompt relief from a bad case of kidney trouble that had long bothered him. Such a recommendation, coming from Mr. Sable, is direct and convincing evidence of the great curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"The ancients used to write in clay and then bake it."

"Yes," replied the man who was reading the latest speech. "In those days when they spoke of hurling epithets at a man, it meant something."

The uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy has made it a favorite everywhere. It can always be depended upon. For sale by Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

Talk about women not understanding business. Why, I know one who made a fortune simply by turning her hand over."

"Indeed! How?"

"She turned it over to a millionaire. Now she's his wife."

HELPED TO KEEP DOWN EXPENSES.

Mrs. J. E. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so: "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and feel that they saved me a big doctor's bill." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Poetic Bridegroom—I could sit here forever gazing into your eyes and listening to the wash of the ocean.

Practical Bride—Oh, that reminds me, darling; we have not paid our laundry bill yet!

Sunday School Teacher—Willie, can you repeat the shortest commandment? It has but four words.

Willie—Yes, miss; "Keep Off the Grass."

It is worse than useless to take any medicines internally for muscular or chronic rheumatism. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"So you think the author of this play will live, do you?" remarked the tourist.

"Yes," replied the manager of the Frozen Dog Opera House. "He's got a five-mile start and I don't think the boys kin ketch him."

Mrs. Lela Love, wife of Wiley Love, a farmer living near Covena, Ga., says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and find them to be all you claim for them. They gave me almost instant relief when my kidneys were sluggish and inactive. I can cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers from kidney troubles." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"The man I marry," she said, "must think I am the only girl in the world."

"Don't worry about that," her married friend replied. "He will think it all right. Just put in your time trying to find out how to make him keep on thinking it."

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"The violent language you use is no argument," said young Mr. Noah Heap.

"No," replied Uncle Rasberry. "Hittin' a mule wit a fence rail ain' no argument nuther, but it gits action."

A HUSBAND'S DUTY

He Owes It to His Family to Have His House In Order.

PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

A Few Very Sensible and Very Practical Suggestions to the Man Who Doesn't Stop to Think About What May Happen When He Is Gone.

There are any number of men who are the most indulgent of husbands and fathers, providing a good living for their families and who yet live up to the limit of their incomes, with never a thought for the future and never an effort to protect their loved ones and their homes in case of their death.

To such men, as well as to those who are provident, but who keep putting off the arrangement of their business affairs to meet such an emergency, the following sensible suggestions by Willis Frederick Dix in the New York Independent may be of interest:

Is your house really in order? Outwardly, perhaps, yes, since your wife is a good housekeeper, but how about your own personal affairs? Your lawyer has perhaps drawn your will for you, and your personal accounts are businesslike, but have you looked that will over recently, and in the case of your death is there some one in your household who is sufficiently familiar with your account book to understand your system?

Have you tried to imagine just what condition would exist in your family immediately after your death, and have you carefully provided for that condition? These and a number of similar questions must be answered satisfactorily before you can say that your house is really in order.

The following are a few practical suggestions which, if you think them over and act upon them, may be the means of saving you or your family from some seriously inconvenient plight or actual trouble and loss.

First of all, make a point of keeping your wife (or some member of your household) familiar with your system of personal accounts. Let her know where your safety deposit box is, where you keep the key, where your letter file relating to these business matters is kept and just what your relation to your business is. You know it is quite possible that you will die sometime.

Keep your fire insurance policies in your safety deposit box, where they will not be burned with your house, and keep in the same package with them, plans and specifications of your house, so that the fire insurance companies can know definitely just how much it would cost to replace it. With your furniture insurance policy keep a detailed inventory of your household effects, with statement of their values. It would be impossible for you to do this from memory after the goods have been destroyed, and much needless trouble would necessarily ensue without such a list. And do not rely wholly upon your agent to renew your policies as they expire. Keep a list of the dates of expiry in your account book, where you will see them frequently.

Suppose you should be run over and killed today. Have you looked into the law of your state to ascertain whether or not your safety box would be sealed, and if it would be sealed are there any documents in it which your family would need before it were officially opened by your executors in the presence of a state officer? Your executors may take a year to settle up your estate. How about ready money for the use of your family?

When a man draws up his will it is seldom that he appreciates the fact that his cash in bank and the interest accrued on his investments up to the date of his death become principal and cannot be used by his family to pay their current expenses following his death.

An excellent way for a man to be sure that his family, upon his death, will have ready money at once, free from all complications, is to take out, in addition to his regular insurance, a policy for say $1,000 or $2,000 in favor of his wife or some member of his family.

This sum will have nothing to do with the legal formalities necessary in connection with the settling up of the estate and can be immediately collected and put in use.

A FUNNY SULTAN.

He Liked to Play Practical Jokes Upon His Invited Guests.

We all like our little joke, and eastern potentates have from time immemorial enjoyed the reputation of being the merriest of monarchs. The Moorish palace of Sultan Abu Yakub Yussuf at Seville—known today as the Alcazar—contains one of the most elaborate practical jokes extant. When in a gay mood some important merchant or notable of Seville would receive a pressing invitation summoning him to the presence. In a fever of delighted expectancy the flattered guest would don his whitest raiment and hie him to the palace.

There he would be ceremoniously conducted to the gardens and directed up the long avenue. But, alas, halfway up it he would inevitably tread upon a moving flagstone resting upon a spring, and immediately countless fine jets of water would gush out of the ground and from the surrounding shrubbery and drench him. Amid the jeers of the courtiers the luckless and bedraggled wight would beat an undignified retreat. Before he was allowed to leave the palace, however, he was sworn to secrecy on pain of death. At all costs nothing must make the joke fall flat when repeated.

The treacherous flagstone has been removed, and today the visitor may pass with impunity, but a peseta to the head gardener will usually cause the fountains to play. Not many people know of their existence, however. The water is sprayed through hundreds of tiny pipes, so small as to be almost invisible, which are placed in the cracks between the flagstones.—Strand Magazine.

Pistoles and Doubloons.

The pistole was much used in Spain and Italy. Originally equivalent to about eleven old French livres, until about 1730 it seems to have been merely an irregular piece of gold. In common with the moidore, the sequin and the doubloon its value varied at different times and in different countries, usually being, however, about $3.75.

A Southern Antidote.

If Americans need an antidote for restlessness they can find it among the mountaineers of the south. It is said that when a native is asked to hurry he replies, "Don't forget there's a whole day tomorrow 'tain't been fetched yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Dutch Etiquette.

In Holland etiquette demands that an unmarried woman walk on the right of her escort, while a married woman takes her husband's left arm.

Safe Hints for Good Health.

Don't hurry your meals.

Don't eat when overtired, rest a few moments before eating. It will pay you.

Don't borrow time for work that belongs to rest or sleep.

Don't neglect the first symptoms of illness or disordered digestion.

Don't allow the bowels to become constipated, but if you are so unfortunate, don't delay taking one or two teaspoonfuls of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine or Bitters on retiring at night. They have a record of sixty years and never fail to relieve constipation and biliousness.

All dealers have them in large bottles for thirty-five cents. Be sure to get the "L. F." kind. A generous sample mailed free on request by the "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of HAROLD E. MARTIN, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

HAROLD E. MARTIN of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 18th day of November, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 18th day of May, A. D. 1912.

HAROLD E. MARTIN, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 25th day of May, A. D. 1912, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1912, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1912.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

22-24

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Rumford, in and for the County of Oxford, on the 2nd Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, the following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1912, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause:

George Allen late of Brookfield, Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for probate thereof presented by Nancy S. Allen, the executrix therein named.

Ambrose A. Eastman late of Canton, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Helen A. Eastman, the executrix therein named.

Ellen M. Thomes late of Buckfield, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Nathan E. Morrill, the executor therein named.

Andrew J. and Alice J. Hall of Peru, wards; accounts presented for allowance by John C. Wyman, guardian.

Laforest Knight late of Dixfield, deceased; petition that Evie L. Knight or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Evie L. Knight, widow.

Elias S. Oldham late of Peru, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Alonzo J. Oldham, administrator.

Joseph Douglass late of Porter, deceased; first account presented for allowance by George E. Davis, administrator.

Daniel W. Salter of Hart, Michigan, minor; final account presented for allowance by George H. Allan, guardian.

George Milliken late of Hiram, deceased; first and private accounts presented for allowance by Henrietta M. Clemons, formerly Henrietta M. Cole, administratrix.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—Attest:

35-7 ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD, SS.

To Clinton H. Smith of Canton in the County of Oxford and State of Maine and to Eddie Millett of Auburn in the County of Androscoggin and State of Maine.

Whereas Clinton R. Smith of Canton in said County of Oxford on the 11th day of May A. D. 1911 mortgaged to me, the undersigned Daniel B. Stevens of said Auburn a certain wooden building and addition situated in said Auburn on the easterly side of Turner Street and next southerly of the Maine Central Railroad and standing on the land of the Franklin Company and being the blacksmith shop occupied for nearly forty years by me, together with all and singular the tools, fixtures and stock in trade and in use in said shop and now on hand, and all such other stock and fixtures as may from time to time be purchased to replace the stock and fixtures hereinbefore referred to; it being understood that an amount of stock and fixtures equal to that on hand will be maintained by Clinton R. Smith as a security for the debt secured by this mortgage, and to insure said property in some responsible insurance company loss if any payable to me as my interest might appear, in such amount as may at any time remain unpaid on this mortgage, to secure the payment of seven hundred dollars which mortgage is recorded in the town records of the town of Canton in book 10 at pages 206 and 207; and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken;

Now therefore notice is hereby given of my intention to foreclose said mortgage for breach of its conditions.

Auburn, Maine, May 15, 1912.

DANIEL B. STEVENS.

Canton, Maine, May 20, 1912.

I have made diligent inquiry for Clinton R. Smith, the mortgagor mentioned in the above notice of foreclosure and have not been able to find him but have learned that he is no longer a resident of the state and has no last and usual place of abode in the State of Maine.

Fees .50 (Paid)

C. F. TRIPP, JR., Deputy Sheriff.

22-24

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of PATRICK MEEHAN, of Rumford, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Patrick Meehan in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of May, A. D. 1912, the said Patrick Meehan was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 5th day of June, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, May 18, 1912.

WALTER L. GRAY,
21-23 Referee in Bankruptcy.

U. S. Cream Separator

Nickel Silver Skimmer Section

$25 to $110

T. M. Davis,
AGENT,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.

Men Wanted

to learn Auto driving and repairing. Thorough mechanical training. Best Spring positions will open soon. We can double your salary. Particulars free.

HAMLIN-FOSTER AUTO CO.,
9-tf 454-456 Fore St., Portland, Me.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Foley Kidney Pills

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS

Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and all annoying URINARY IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION

S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connersville, Ind., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have long suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

A. E. SHURTLEFF & CO., - South Paris.
S. E. NEWELL & CO., - - - Paris.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of DOMINICK M. DOIRON, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

DOMINICK M. DOIRON of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 30th day of March, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt, under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, that he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 16th day of May, A. D. 1912.

DOMINICK M. DOIRON, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, SS.

On this 25th day of May, A. D. 1912, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1912, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, that the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1912.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

22-24

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